

















THE  
HISTORY OF  
Henrie the fourth,

With the Battell at Shrewseburie, betweene  
the King, and Lord Henrie Percy, sur-  
named *Henrie Hotspur* of the North.

VVith the humorous conceites of Sir  
*Iohn Falstaffe.*

Newly corrected by *W. Shake-speare.*



*George Ascoena*

LONDON,

Printed by *W. W.* for *Mathew Law*, and are to be sold  
at his shop in *Paules Church-yard*, neere unto *S.*  
*Augustines Gate*, at the signe of the *Foxe.*

1613.

*K. Shakespeare.*

*C. 34. K. 9*



THE  
HISTORIE OF

Henrie the fourth.



## The Historie of Henrie the fourth.

*Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of  
Westmerland, with others.*

*King.*

**S**O shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Find we a time for frightened Peace to pant,  
And breath short winded accents of new broiles  
To be commene't in stronds a farre remote:  
No more the thirstie entrance of this soile,  
Shall daube her lippes with her owne childrens  
No more shal' trenching Warre channel her fields, (blood  
Nor bruse her flourets with the armed hooves  
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,  
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heauen,  
All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
Did lately meete in the intestine shocke,  
And furious close of ciuill butcherie,  
Shall now in mutuall wel-beseeming ranckes,  
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd  
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies.  
The edge of warre, like an ill-sheathed Knife,  
No more shall cut his Maister: therefore friends,  
As farre as to the Sepulchre of Christ,  
Whose souldier now vnder whose blessed Crosse,  
We are impressed and ingag'd to fight,  
Foorthwith a power of *English* shall we leuy,  
Whose armes were moulded in their mothers wombe,  
To chase these *Pagans* in those holy fieldes,  
Ouer whose acres walkt those blessed fete,

A 2

whiel



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Which 1400. yeares agoe were nailde,  
For our aduantage on the bitter Crosse:  
But this our purpose is twelue month old,  
And bootles tis to tell you we will go.  
Therefore we meete not now: then let me heare  
Of you my gentle Coosen *Westmerland*,  
What yesternight our Counsell did decree,  
In forwarding this deere expedience.

*West.* My liege, this haste was hot in question,  
And many limits of the charge set downe  
But yesternight, when all athwart there came  
A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heauy newes;  
Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,  
Leading the men of *Herdfordshire* to fight  
Against the irregular and wilde *Glendower*,  
Was by the rude handes of that Welchman taken,  
A thousand of his people butchered:  
Vpon whose dead corps there was such misuse,  
Such beastly shameles transformation  
By those Welchwomen done, as may not be  
(Without much shame) retold or spoken of.

*King.* It seemes then, that the tidings of this broile,  
Brake off our busines for the Holy land.

*West.* This matcht with other like, my gracious L.  
Far more vneuen and vnwelcome newes,  
Came from the North, and thus it did report:  
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotspur* there  
Young *Harry Percy*, and braue *Archibald*,  
That euer valiant and approued *Scot*,  
At *Holmedon* met, where they did spend  
A sad and bloody houre:  
As by discharge of their Artillarie,  
And shape of likelihood the newes was told:  
For he that brought them, in the very heate  
And pride of their contention, did take Horse,  
Vncertaine of the issue any way.

*King.* Here is a deare, and true industrious friend,  
*Sir Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horse,

*Strainde*

*Henry the fourth.*

Stainde with the variation of each soyle,  
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this seat of ours;  
And he hath brought vs smooth and welcome newes,  
The Earle of *Douglas* is discomfited,  
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two and twentie Knights  
Balkt in their owne blood did *Sir Walter* see  
On *Holmedons* plaines: of prisoners *Hotspur* tooke  
*Mordake* Earle of *Fife*, and eldest sonne  
To beaten *Douglas* and the Earle of *Atholl*  
Of *Murrey*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*:  
And is not this an honourable spoyle?  
A gallant prize? Ha, Coosen is it not? In sayth it is.

*West.* A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

*King.* Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sinne  
In enuy, that my Lord *Northumberland*,  
Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne:  
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honours tongue,  
Amongst a Groue, the very straightest Plant,  
Who is sweete Fortunes Minion and her pride,  
Whilst I by looking on the praise of him,  
See Ryot and Dishonour staine the brow  
Of my young *Harry*. O that it could be prou'd,  
That some night-tripping Fairy had exchange'd  
In Cradle clothes, our Children where they lay,  
And cal'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*;  
Then would I haue his *Harry*, and he mine,  
But let him from my thoughtes: What thinke you Coose  
Of this young *Percies* pride? The Prisoners  
Which he in this aduventure hath surpris'd,  
To his owne vse he keepes, and sendes me word  
I shall haue none but *Mordake* Earle of *Fife*.

*West.* This is his Vnckles teaching; This is *Worcester*,  
Maleuolent to you in all aspectes:  
Which makes him prune him'selfe, and bristle vp  
The crest of Youth against your dignitie.

*King.* But I haue sent for him to answer this:  
And for this cause a while we must neglect  
Our holy purpose to *Ierusalem*.

*A 2*

*Coosen*



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Coosen, on Wednesday next, our counsell we will hold  
At *Winfor*, so informer the Lords:  
But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,  
For more is to be sayd, and to be done,  
Then out of anger can be vttered.  
*West.* I will my Liege.

*Enter Prince of Wales and Sir Iohn Falstaffe.*

*Fals.* Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad?

*Prince.* Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke,  
and vnbuttoning thee after supper, & sleeping vpon Benches  
after noone, that thou hast forgotten to demaund that truely,  
which thou wouldest truely know. What a deuill hast thou to  
doe with the time of the day? vnlesse houres were cups of  
Sacke, and minutes Capons, & Clocks the tongues of Bawdes,  
and Dials the signes of Leaping houses, and the blessed Sunne  
himselfe a faire hot Wench in flame-coulered Taffata, I see  
no reason why thou shouldest be superfluous to demaund the  
time of the day.

*Fals.* Indeed you come neere me now *Hal*, for we that take  
Purses, goe by the Moone and seuen Starres, and not by *Phoe-  
bus*, he, that wandring knight so faire: and I prethee sweete  
wagge, when thou art King, as God saue thy Grace, Maiesty  
I should say, for Grace thou wilt haue none.

*Prince.* VVhat none?

*Fals.* No by my troth, not so much as will serue to be pro-  
logue to an Egge and Butter.

*Prince.* VVell, how then? come roundly, roundly.

*Fals.* Mary then, sweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs  
that are Squires of the nights body, be called Theeues of the  
dayes beauty: let vs be *Dianaes* Forresters, Gentlemen of the  
shade, minions of the Moone; and let men say, we be men of  
good gouernment, being gouerned as the Sea is, by our noble  
and chaste *Mistris* the Moone; vnder whose countenance we  
steale.

*Prince.* Thou sayest well, and it holdes well too, for the for-  
tune of vs that are the Moones men, doth ebbe and flow like  
the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is by the Moone; as for  
proofe

*Henry the fourth.*

proofe. Now a Purse of gold most resolutely snatcht on Mon-  
day night, and most dissolutly spent on Tuesday morning;  
got with swearing lay by, and spent with crying bring in:  
now in as low an ebbe as the foote of the Ladder, and by & by  
in as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallows.

*Fals.* By the Lord thou saiest true lad: and is not my Ho-  
stesse of the Tauerne a most sweet wench?

*Prince.* As the hony of *Hibla*, my old lad of the Castle; and is  
not a Buffe Ierkin a most sweet robe of durance?

*Fals.* How now, how now mad wagge, what in thy quips  
and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe with a Buffe  
Ierkin?

*Prince.* Why what a poxe haue I to doe with my Hostesse  
of the Tauerne?

*Fals.* Well, thou hast cald her to a reckoning many a time  
and oft.

*Prince.* Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

*Fals.* No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou hast payd all there.

*Prin.* Yea and else where, so far as my coyne would stretch,  
and where it would not, I haue vsed my credit.

*Fals.* Yea, and so vsde it, that were it not heere apparant that  
thou art Heire apparant. But I prethee sweet wag, shal there be  
Gallows standing in *England* when thou art King? & resoluti-  
on thus subd as it is with the rusty curb of old father antick the  
Law: doe not thou when thou art a King, hang a Theefe.

*Prin.* No, thou shalt.

*Fals.* Shall I? Or are by the Lord Ile be a braue Iudge.

*Prin.* Thou iudget fiske already. I meane thou shalt haue the  
hanging of the Theeues, and so become a rare Hangman.

*Fals.* VVell *Hal*, well, and in some sort it iumpes with my  
humor, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

*Prin.* For obtaining of futes?

*Fals.* Yea, for obtaining of futes, whereof the Hangman  
hath no leane Wardrop. Zblood I am as malancholy as a gyb  
Cat, or a lugg Beare.

*Prin.* Or an old Lion, or a Louers Lute.

*Fals.* Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnshire Bagpipe.

*Prin.* VVhat sayest thou to a Hare, or the malancholy of  
Moore.



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Moore-ditch?

*Fals.* Thou hast the most vnfauory similes, and art indeede the most comparatiue rascaldest sweete yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethee trouble me no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the Counsell rated me the other day in the streete about you sir; but I markt him not, and yet he talkt very wisely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wisely, and in the street too.

*Prince.* Thou didst well: for Wisedome cries out in the streetes, and no man regardes it.

*Fals.* O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeede able to corrupt a Saint: thou hast done much harme vnto mee, *Hall*; God forgive thee for it: Before I knew thee *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man should speake truly, little better than one of the wicked: I must giue ouer this life; and I will giue it ouer: By the Lord and I do not, I am a villaine: Ile be damned for neuer a Kings sonne in Christendome.

*Prince.* Where shall we take a Purse to morrow, *Iacke*?

*Fals.* Zounds, where thou wilt lad, Ile make one: and I do not, call me Villaine, and Bassell me.

*Prince.* I see a good amendment of life in thee; from Praying, to Pursetaking.

*Fals.* Why, *Hall*; tis my vocation *Hall*: tis no sinne for a man to labour in his vocation. *Enter Paines.*

*Paines.* Now shall we know if Gads hill haue set a match: O, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? this is the most omnipotent Villaine that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.

*Prince.* Good morrow *Ned*.

*Paines.* Good morrow sweet *Hall*. What sayes Monsieur Remorse? What sayes sir *John Sacke* and *Sugar*, *Iacke*? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy soule, that thou souldst him on Good-friday last, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons legge?

*Prin.* Sir Iohn stands to his word, the Diuell shall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a breaker of Prouerbes: he will giue the Diuell his due.

*Paines.*

*Henry the fourth.*

*Paines.* Then art thou damnd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

*Prince.* Else he had bin damnd for Cosening the diuell.

*Poy.* But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hil, there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horses for your selues: Gads-hil lies to night in Rochester, I haue bespoken supper to morrow night in Eastcheap; we may doe it as secure as sleepe: if you will go, I will stufte your purses full of crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hangd.

*Fals.* Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

*Poy.* You will chops.

*Fals.* Hal, wilt thou make one?

*Prince.* Who, I rob? I a theefe? not I by my faith.

*Fals.* Thers neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the bloud royall, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

*Prince.* Well then once in my dayes Ile be a madcap.

*Fals.* Why thats well said.

*Prin.* Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

*Fals.* By the Lord Ile be a traitour then, when thou art King.

*Prin.* I care not.

*Poin.* Sir Iohn, I prethee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe such reasons for this aduenture, that he shal go.

*Fals.* Wel, God giue thee the spirit of perswasion, & him the cares of profiting, that what thou speakest, may moue, & what he heares may be beleued, that the true Prince, may (for recreation sake) proue a false theefe; for the poore abuses of the time, want countenance: farewell, you shall find me in Eastcheap.

*Prin.* Farewel the latter spring, farewell Alhollowne summer.

*Poy.* Now my good sweet hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a ieast to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. *Falstaffe*, *Harney*, *Roskill*, and *Gads-hill*, shall rob those men that we haue already way-laid; your selfe and I, will not be there: and when they haue the boety, if you and I doe not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

B.

*Prince.*



*The Historie of*

*Princ.* How shall we part with them in setting forth?

*Po.* Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to faile; & then will they aduenture vpon the exploit themselves, which they shall haue no sooner atchined, but wee le set vpon them.

*Prin.* Yea, but tis like that they will know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our selues.

*Po.* Tut, our horses they shall not see, Ile tie them in the wood, our vizards we will change after we leaue them: & sirra, I haue safes of buckorum for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

*Prin.* Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

*Po.* Well, for two of them I know the to be as true bred cowardes as euer turnd back: & for the third, if he fight longer then he sees reason Ile forswear armes. The vertue of this iest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this fatte rogue will tel vs when we meete at supper, how thirty at least hee fought with, what wards, what blowes, what extremities he indured, and in the reproofe of this lies the iest.

*Prin.* Wel, Ile go with thee, prouide vs al thinges necessary, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there Ile suppe: farewell.

*Poy.* Farewell my Lord.

*Exit Poynts.*

*Prin.* I know you all, and will a while vphold  
The vnyokt humor of your Idleneffe  
Yet herein will I immitate the Sunne,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother vp his beauty from the world,  
That when he please againe to be himselfe,  
Being wanted, he may be more wonderd at  
By breaking through the foule and vgly mists  
Of vapours that did seeme to strangle him.  
If all the yeere were playing holy daies,  
To sport would be as tedious as to worke;  
But when they seldome come, they wisht for come,  
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents:  
So when this loose behauiour I throw off,  
And pay the debt I neuer promised,

*By*

*Henry the fourth.*

By how much better then my word I am,  
By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,  
And like bright mettell on a fullin ground,  
My reformation glittering or'e my fault,  
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,  
Then that which hath no soile to set it off.  
Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,  
Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will. *Exit.*

*Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur,  
Sir Walter Blunt with others.*

*King.* My blood hath beene too colde and temperate,  
Vnap to stirre at these indignities,  
And you haue found me; for accordingly,  
You tread vpon my patience: but be sure  
I will from henceforth rather be my selfe,  
Mighty, and to be feard, then my condition  
Which hath beene smooth as oyle; soft as yong downe,  
And therefore lost that Title of respect,  
Which the proud soule nere payes but to the proud.

*Wor.* Our house (my soueraigne Leige) little deserues  
The scourge of greatnesse to be vsed on it,  
And that same greatnesse too, which our owne hands  
Haue holpe to make so portly. *Nor.* My Lord

*King.* Worcester get thee gone, for I do see  
Danger and disobedience in thine eye,  
O fir your presence is too bold and peremptory,  
And Maiestie might neuer yet endure  
The moody frontier of a seruant brow,  
You haue good leaue to leaue vs: when we need  
Your vse and counsel, we shall send for you. *Exit Wor.*  
You were about to speake.

*Nor.* Yea my good Lord.  
Those prisoners in your Highnesse name demanded,  
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon tooke,  
Were as he sayes, not with such strength denied,  
As he deliuered to your Maiesty.  
Either enuy therefore, or misprision  
Is guilty of this fault, and not my sonne.

*B 2.*

*Nor.*



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*Hot.* My Liege, I did deny no prisoners,  
But I remember when the fight was done,  
When I was drie with rage and extreame toyle,  
Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my sword,  
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest,  
Fresh as a Bridgroom, and his chin new reapt,  
Shewd like a stubble land at haruest home:  
He was perumed like a Milliner,  
And twix his finger and his thum he helde,  
A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon  
He gaue his nose; and tookt away againe,  
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,  
Tookt it in snuffe, and still he smilde and talkte,  
And as the souldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He calde them vntaught knaues, vnmannerly,  
To bring a slouely vnhand-some coarfe,  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility,  
With many holyday and lady tearmes.  
He questioned me: among the rest demanded,  
My prisoners in your Maiesties behalfe,  
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,  
To be so pestered with a Poppingay,  
Out of my grieve and my impatience,  
Answered neglectingly, I know not what,  
He should, or he should not, for he made me mad,  
To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweet,  
And talke so like a waiting gentlewoman,  
Of guns and drums, and wounds, God saue the marke:  
And telling me, the soueraignest thing on earth;  
Was Parmacity for an inward bruse,  
And that it was great pittie, so it was,  
This villanous Saltpeter should be digd  
Out of the bowels of the harmeles Earth;  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed  
So cowardly: and but for these vile Guns,  
He would haue been himselfe a Souldiour.  
This bald vnioynted chat of his (my Lord)  
I answered indirectly (as I sayd)

And

*Henry the fourth.*

And I beseech you, let not this report  
Come current for an accusation,  
Betwixt my loue, and your high Maiesty.

*Blunt.* The circumstance considered, good my Lord,  
What er'e *Harrie Piercie* then had said  
To such a person, and in such a place,  
At such a time, with all the rest retold,  
May resonable die, and neuer rise,  
To doe him wrong, or any way impeach  
What then he said, so he vnlay it now,

*King.* Why yet he doth deny his prisoners,  
But with prouiso and exception,  
That we at our owne charge shall ransom straight  
His brother in law, the foolish *Mortimer*,  
Who in my soule hath wilfully betraide,  
The liues of those, that he did lead to fight,  
Against the great Magitian, damned *Glendower*,  
Whose daughter as we heare, the Earle of *March*,  
Hath lately married? shall our coffers then,  
Be emptied to redeeme a traitor home?  
Shall we buy treason? and indent with feares,  
When they haue lost and forfeited themselues.  
No, on the barren mountaine let him sterue,  
For I shall neuer hold that man my friend,  
Whose tongue shall aske me for one penny cost,  
To ransom home reuolted *Mortimer*.

*Hot.* Reuolted *Mortimer*?

He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,  
But by the chance of warre: to proue that true,  
Needs no more but one tongue: for all those wounds,  
Those mouthed woundes which valianly he tooke  
When on the gentle *Seuerns* siedgie banke  
In single opposition hand to hand,  
He did confound the best part of an houre  
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*,  
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drinke,  
Vpon agreement of swift *Seuerns* floud  
Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,

B 3.

Ran



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Ran fearefully among the trembling reedes,  
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,  
Blond-stained with these valiant combatans,  
Neuer did bare and rotten policy  
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,  
Nor neuer could the noble *Mortimer*:  
Receiue so many, and all-willigly:  
Then let not him be slandered with reuolt.

*King.* Thou dost bely him *Percy*, thou dost bely him,  
He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*,  
I tell thee, he durst as well haue met the Diuell alone,  
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.  
Art thou not asham'd? but sirra, henceforth  
Let me not heare you speake of *Mortimer*,  
Send me your prisoners with the speediest meanes,  
Or you shall heare in such a kind from me,  
As will displease you. My Lord *Northumberland*,  
We licence your departure with your sonne,  
Send vs your prisoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*

*Hot.* And if the diuell come and roare for them,  
I will not send them: I will after straighe  
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,  
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

*Nor.* What? drunke with choler? stay and pause a while,  
Here comes your yncle.

*Hot.* Speake of *Mortimer*?  
Zounds I will speake of him, and let my soule,  
Want mercy if I do not ioyne with him:  
Yea on his part, He empty all these veines.  
And shead my deare blood, drop by drop i'th dust;  
But I will lift the downe-trod *Mortimer*,  
As high in 'th ayre as this vnthankfull king,  
As this ingrate and cankered *Bullingbrooke*.

*Nor.* Brother the King hath made your *Nephew* mad.

*Hot.* Who strooke this heate vp after I was gone?

*Hot.* He will forsooth haue all my prisoners:  
And when I vrg'd the ransome once againe  
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

And

*Henry the fourth.*

And on my face he turnd an eye of death,  
Trembling euen at the name of *Mortimer*.

*Wor.* I cannot blame him, was not he proclamd  
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?

*Nor.* He was; I heard the proclamation,  
And then it was, when the vnhappy King,  
(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth  
Vpon his Irish expedition;  
From whence he intercepted, did returne  
To be depos'd and shortly murdered.

*Wor.* And for whose death, we in the worlds wide-mouth,  
Liue scandaliz'd and foully spoken off.

*Hot.* But soft I pray you, did King *Richard* then  
Proclame my brother *Mortimer*,  
Heire to the crowne?

*Nor.* He did, my selfe did heare it.

*Hot.* Nay then I cannot blame his coosin King,  
That wisht him on the barren mountaines starue.

But shall it be that you that set the crowne

Vpon the head of this forgetfull-man,

And for his sake weare the detested blot

Of murderous subornation? shall it be

That you a world of curses vndergo,

Being the agents, or base second meanes,

The cordes, the laddar, or the hangman rather?

O pardon if that I descend so low,

To shew the line and the predicament,

Wherin you range vnder this subtil King.

Shall it for shame be spoken in these dayes,

Or fill vp cronicles in time to come,

That men of your nobility and power

Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe,

(As both of you God pardon it, hane done)

To put downe *Richard* that sweet louely Rose,

And plant this thorne, this canker *Bullingbrooke*?

And shall it in more shame be further spoken,

That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off

By him, for whom these shames ye vnder-went?

No.



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No, yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme  
Your banisht honors, and restore your selues,  
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:  
Reueng the iearing and disdain'd contempt  
Of this proud King, who studies day and night  
To answere all the debt he owes you,  
Euen with the bloudie payment of your deaths:  
Therefore I say.

*Wor.* Peace Cousin, say no more.

And now I will vnclasp a secret booke,  
And to your quicke conceiuing discontents  
He read your matter deepe and dangerous,  
As full of perill and aduenterous spirit,  
As to o're walke a Current roring lowd,  
On the vnsteadfast footing of a speare.

*Hot.* If he fall in, good night, or sinke or swimde,  
Send danger from the East vnto the west,  
So honor crosse it, from the North to South,  
And let them grapple: the bloud more stirres  
To rowse a Lion then to start a Hare.

*North.* Imagination of some great exploit  
Driues him beyond the boundes of patience,

*Hot.* By heauen me thinks it weare an easie leape,  
To pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone  
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,  
Where sadome-line could neuer touch the ground,  
And pluck vp drowned honor by the lockes,  
So hee that doth redeeme her thence might weare  
Without corriuall all her dignities:  
But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowship.

*Wor.* He apprehendes a world of figures here,  
But not the forme of what he should attend,  
Good Cousen giue me audience for a while.

*Hot.* I cry you mercy.

*Wor.* Those same noble Scots that are your prisoners.

*Hot.* He keepe them all.

By God he shall not haue a Scot of them.

No, if a Scot would saue his soule, he shall not.

*Henry the fourth.*

He keepe them, by this hand.

*Wor.* You start away,  
And lend no eare vnto my purposes:  
Those Prisoners you shall keepe.

*Hot.* Nay, I will; that's flat:

He said he would not ransom *Mortimer*,  
Forbade my tongue to speake of *Mortimer*:  
But I will finde him when he lies a sleepe,  
And in his eare Ile hallow, *Mortimer*:

Nay, Ile haue a Starling shall be taught to speake  
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and giue it him,  
To keepe his anger still in motion.

*Wor.* Heare you Cousin, a word.

*Hot.* All studies heere I solemnly desie,  
Saue how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrooke*,  
And that same Sword and Buckler *Prince of Wales*.  
But that I thinke his Father loues him not,  
And would be glad he met with some mischance:  
I would haue him poysoned with a pot of Ale.

*Wor.* Farewell Kinsman, Ile talke to you  
When you are better tempered to attend.

*Nor.* Why what a Waspe-tongue and impatient foole  
Art thou to breake into this womans moode,  
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?

*Hot.* Why looke you, I am whipt and scourg'd with Rods,  
Netled, and stung with Pismires, when I heare  
Of this vile Polititian *Bullingbrooke*.  
In *Richards* time, what doe you call the place;  
A Plague vpon it, it is in *Glocestershire*,  
Twas where the mad-cap Duke his vncke kept,  
His vncke *Yorke*, where I first bowed my knee  
Vnto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrooke*:

Zbloud, when you and he came backe from *Rauenburgh*,

*Nor.* At *Barkly* Castle. *Hot.* You say true,  
Why what a candie deale of curtesie,

This fawning Grey-hound then did proffer me,  
Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,  
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kind Cousins

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O.



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O, the Diuell take such cooseners, God forgiue me,  
Good Vncle tell your tale, I haue done.

*Wor.* Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,  
We will stay your leysure.

*Hot.* I haue done yfayth.

*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners.  
Deliuier them vp without their ranfome straight,  
And make the *Dowglas* sonne your onely meane  
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reasons  
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,  
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.  
Your sonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed,  
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe  
Of that same noble Prelate, welbelou'd,  
The Archbishop.

*Hot.* Of *Yorke*, is it not?

*Wor.* True, who beares hard  
His Brothers death at *Bristow* the Lord *Scroope*—  
I speake not this in estimation,  
As what I thinke might be, but what I know.  
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,  
And onely staves but to behold the face  
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

*Hot.* I smell it: Vpon my life it will doe well.

*Nor.* Before the game's afoote, thou still let'st slip.

*Hot.* Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot,  
And then the power of *Scotland* and of *Yorke*,  
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, ha.

*Wor.* And so they shall.

*Hot.* In fayth it is exceedingly well aynd.

*Wor.* And tis no little reason bids vs speede,  
To saue our heades, by rayfing of a Head:  
For, beare our selues as euen as we can,  
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,  
And thinke we thinke our selues vnsatisfied,  
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.  
And see already, how he doth begin  
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

*Hot.*

*Henry the fourth.*

*Hot.* He does, he does; wee le becueng'd on him.

*Wor.* Coosin, farewell. No further goe in this.

Then I by Letters shall direct your course  
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly:  
He steale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,  
Where you and *Dowglas*, and our powers at once,  
As I will fashion it, shall happily meete,  
To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,  
Which now we hold at much vncertaintie.

*Nor.* Farewell good Brother, we shall thrine, I trust,

*Hot.* Vncle, adue: O let the houres be short,  
Till Fieldes, & Blowes, & Grones, applaud our sport. *Exeunt.*

*Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.*

1. *Car.* Heigh ho, an it be not foure by the day, he be hangd,  
*Charles-maine* is ouer the new Chimny, and yet our Horse not  
packt. What *Ostler*?

*Ost.* Anon, anon.

1. *Car.* I prethee *Tom*, beat Cuts Saddle, put a few Flocks in  
the point, poore iade is wrung in the Withers, out of all cesse.

*Enter another Carrier.*

2. *Car.* Pease and Beanes are as danke heere as a Dog, and  
that is the next way to giue poore lades the Bots: this house is  
turned vpside downe since *Robin Ostler* died.

1. *Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioyed since the price of Oates  
rose, it was the death of him.

2. *Car.* I thinke this to be the most villanous house in all  
*London* roade for Fleas, I am stung like a Tench.

1. *Car.* Like a Tench? by the Masse there is neare a King  
christen, could be better bit, the I haue bin since the first cocke.

2. *Car.* Why, you will allow vs nere a lordaine, and then  
we leake in your Chimny, and your Chamber-lie breeds  
Fleas like a Loach.

1. *Car.* What *Ostler*, come away, and be hangd, come away.

2. *Car.* I haue a Gammon of Bacon, & two razes of Ginger,  
to be deliuered as farre as *Charing-crosse*.

1. *Car.* Gods body, the Turkies in my Panier are quite star-  
ued: what *Ostler*? a plague on thee, hast thou neuer an eye in thy  
head? canst not heare, & t'were not as good a deed as drinke,

C 2

to



to breake the pate of thee, I am a very villaine; come and be hangd, ha! no fayth in thee:

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads-hill. Good-morrow Carriers, What's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanterne, to see my Gelding in the Stable.

1. Car. Nay by God soft; I know a trick worth two of that I sayth.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2. Car. I, when, canst tell? Lend me thy Lanterne (quoth he) Marry Ile see thee hanged first.

Gad. Sirra Carrier, What time doe you meane to come to London?

2. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour Muges, wee'll call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Exeunt.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlaine.

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purse.

Gad. Thats euen as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine, for thou varieest no more from picking of Purfes, then giuing direction doth from laboring: thou layest the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow Master Gads-hill, it holds currant that I told you yester night, theres a Franklin in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred Marks with him in Gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what; they are vp already, and call for Egges and Butter: they will away presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas Clarkes, Ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it; I pray thee keepe that for the Hangman, for I know thou worships Saint Nicholas, as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the Hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of Gallowes: for if I hang, old Sir Iohn hangs with me, & thou knowes he is no starueling; tut, there are other

Troians

Troians that thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace, that would (if matters should be lookt into) for their owne credit sake, make a whole: I am ioyned with no foot-land rakers, no long-staffe sixpenny strikers, none of these madde mustachio purple hewd malt-worms, but with nobility, and tranquillity, Burgomasters and great Oneyers, such as can hold in such as will strike sooner the speake, & speak sooner then drinke, & drinke sooner the pray; and yet (Zounds) Ile lie, for they pray continually to their saint the Comon-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride vp & downe on her, and make her their Bootes.

Cham. What, the Common-wealth their Bootes? will shee hold out Water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will, Iustice hath liquord her: we steale as in a Castle, cocksure; we haue the receipt of Fennefeed, we walke inuisible.

Cham. Nay, by my fayth, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to Fennefeed, for your walking inuisible.

Gad. Giue me thy hand, thou shalt haue a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a false theefe.

Gad. Go to, homo is a comon name to all men: bid the Ostler bring my Gelding out of the stable; farewell ye muddy knaue.

Enter Prince, Poiners, and Peto, &c.

Poiners. Come shelter, shelter, I haue remooued Falstaffes Horse, and he frets like a gum'd Veluet.

Prince. Stand close.

Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. Poiners, Poiners, and be hangd Poiners.

Prince. Peace ye fat-kidneyd rascall, what a brawling dost thou keepe?

Fal. What Poiners, Hal?

Prin. He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seeke him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that theeues company, the rascall hath remooued my Horse, and tyed him I know not where, if I trauel but foure foote by the squire further a foote, I shall break my winde; Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue, I haue forsworne his company hourelly any time this 22. yeare, and yet I am be-

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wicht



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wicht with the rogues company. If the rascall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hangd: it could not be else, I haue drunke medicines, *Poines, Hal*, a plague vpon you both. *Bardoll, Peto*, Ile starue ere Ile rob a foote further: and t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to turne true man, and to leaue these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeardes of vneuen ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me: and the stony hearted Villaines know it well enough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot be true one to another.

*They whistle,*

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue me my Horse, you rogues, Giue me my Horse, and be hangd.

*Prince.* Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Travellers.

*Fal.* Haue you any leauers to list me vp againe being downe? Zbloud, Ile not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot againe for all the Coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

*Prince.* Thoulyest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

*Fal.* I prethee good Prince *Hal*, helpe mee to my Horse, Good Kings sonne.

*Prince.* Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

*Fal.* Go hang thy selfe in thine owne Haire apparant Garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballades made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of Sacke be my poyson: when icast is so forward, and a foot too, I hate it.

*Enter Gads-hill.*

*Gad.* Stand. *Fal.* So I doe against my will.

*Poin.* O tis our setter, I know his voyce: *Bardoll* what newes?

*Bar.* Case yee, case yee; on with your Vizards, ther's mony of the Kings comming downe the Hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

*Fal.* You lie you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tauerne.

*Gad.* There's enough to make vs all.

*Fal.* To be hangd.

*Prince.* You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned Poines* and I, will walke lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

*Peto.*

*Henry the fourth.*

*Peto.* But how many be they of them?

*Gad.* Some eight or ten.

*Fal.* Zounds, will they not rob vs?

*Prin.* What! a coward Sir *John Pawnc*?

*Fal.* Indeed I am not *John of Gant* your Grandfather, but yet no coward, *Hal*.

*Prince.* Well, wee leane that to the prooffe.

*Poynes.* Sirra *Iacke*, thy horse stands behind the hedge, when thou needest him, there thou shalt finde him: farewell, & stand

*Fal.* Now cannot I strike him if I should be hangd. (fast.

*Prince.* Ned, where are our disguises?

*Poynes.* Here hard by, stand close.

*Fal.* Now my maisters, happy man be his dole, say, euery man to his businesse.

*Enter the Travellers.*

*Tra.* Come neighbour, the boy shall lead our horses downe the hil, wee le walke a foote a while, and ease our leggs.

*Theeues.* Stay.

*Tra.* Iesus blesse vs.

*Fal.* Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates: a horeson caterpillars! Bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, fleece them.

*Tra.* O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

*Fal.* Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? no yee fat chuffes, I would your store were here: on bacons, on, what yee knaues? young men must liue, you are grand Iurers, are yee? wee le iure yee yfaith.

*Here they rob them and binde them: Enter.*

*the Prince and Poines*

*Prince.* The theeues haue bound the true men: now coulde thou and I rob the theeues, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a weeke, laughter for a month, and a good iest for euer.

*Poynes.* Stand close, I heare them comming.

*Enter the Theeues againe.*

*Fal.* Come my maisters, let vs share, and then to horse before day: and the *Prince* & *Poynes* be not two arrant cowardes, theres no equity stinging, theres no more valour in that *Poynes*, than in a wild Duck.

*Prince.*



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*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poin-  
set upon them, they all runne away, and Fal-  
stafte after a blow or two runs away too, lea-  
ving the booty behind them.*

*Prin.* Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse, the theeves  
are scattered, and posselt with feare so strongly, that they dare  
not meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer; away  
good Ned, *Falstafte* sweares to death, and lards the leane earth  
as he walkes along: wert not for laughing, I should pitty him.

*Poin.* How the rogue roard *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur solus, reading a Letter.*

*But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be  
there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.*

He could be cōtented, why is he not then? in the respect of the  
loue he beares our house: he shewes in this, he loues his owne  
barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more.

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous.*

Why thats certaine, tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleepe, to  
drinke; but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger,  
we plucke this flower safety.

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you haue named  
uncertaine, the time it selfe vnsorted, and your whole plot too light, for  
the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*

Say you so, say you so, I say vnto you againe, you are a shal-  
low cowardly hinde, & you lie: what a lack-braine is this? by  
the Lord our plot is a good plot as euer was laid, our frind true  
& constant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectation: an  
excellent plot, very good friends; what a frosty spirited rogue  
is this? Why, my Lord of *Yorke* commends the plot, & the gene-  
rall course of the action: Zounds & I were now by this rascall,  
I could braine him with his Ladies Fanne. Is there not my fa-  
ther, my vncl, & my selfe, Lord *Edmund Mortimer*, my Lord of  
*Yorke*, and *Owen Glendower*? Is there not besides the *Douglas*?  
haue I not all their letters to meete me in Armes by the ninth  
of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward  
alread? What a pagan rascall is this, and infidell? Ha, you shall  
see now in very sincerity of feare and cold heart, will he to the  
King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my  
selfe,

Henrie the fourth.

selfe, and goe to buffets, for mouing such a dish of skim Milke  
with so honorable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King,  
we are prepared. I will set forward to night. *Enter his Lady.*  
How now *Kate*, I must leaue you within these two houres.

*Lady.* O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?  
For what offence haue I this fortnight bin  
Abanisht woman from my *Harnet* bed?  
Tell mee, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee  
Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?  
Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth,  
And start so often when thou sitt alone?  
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes,  
And giuen my treasures and my rights of thee,  
To thick-cyd musing, and curst melancholy?  
In my faint slumbers, I by thee watcht,  
And heard thee murmure tales of yron Warres,  
Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed,  
Cry courage to the field: And thou hast talkt  
Of fallies, and retires, trenches, tents,  
Of pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,  
Of basilisks, of canon, culuerin,  
Of prisoners ransome, and of foulders slaine,  
And all the current, of a heddy fight,  
Thy spirit within thee hath bin so at war,  
And thus hath so bestird thee in thy sleepe,  
That beds of sweat hath stood vpon thy brow,  
Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame,  
And in thy face strange motions haue apeard,  
Such as we see when men restraine their breath,  
On some great sodaine haft. O what portents are these?  
Some heauy busines hath my Lord in hand,  
And I must know it, else he loues me not.

*Hot.* What ho, is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone?

*Ser.* He is, my Lord, an houre agoe.

*Hot.* Hath *Butler* brought those Horses from the Sheriffe?

*Ser.* One Horse, my Lord, he brought euen now.

*Hot.* What Horse? a roane, a crop care, is it not?

*Ser.* It is, my Lord.

D.

*Hot.*



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Hot. That Roane shal be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the parke.

La. But heare you my Lord.

Hot. What saiest thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

La. Out you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are tost with. In faith Ile know your busines *Harry*, that I will: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his title, & hath sent for you to line his enterprife, but if you go

Hot. So far a foote, I shall be weary, loue.

La. Come, come, you *Paraquito*, answer me directly, vnto this question that I shal aske: in faith Ile break thy little finger *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away you trifier, loue, I loue thee not, I care not for thee *Kate*, this is no world To play with maimets, and to tilt with lips, We must haue bloudie noses, and crackt crownes, And passe them currant too: gods me my horse, What saist thou *Kate*, what wouldst thou haue with me?

La. Do you not loue me? do you not indeede? Wel, do not then: for since you loue me not, I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me? Nay, tel me, if you speake in iest, or no?

Hot. Come wilt thou see meride? And when I am a horse back, I will sweare, I loue thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*, I must not haue you henceforth, question me: Whither I go: nor reason where about. Whither I must, I must: and to conclude This euening must I leaue you Gentle *Kate*. I know you wise, but yet no farther wise. Then *Harry* *Percys* wife, constant you are, But yet a woman, and for secrecy, No Lady closer, for I will beleue, Thou wilt not vtter what thou dost not know. And so farewell I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

La. How, so far?

Hot.

Henrie the fourth.

Hot. Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate*, Whither I goe, thither shall you goe too: To day will I set forth, to morrow you: Will this content you *Kate*?

Lady. It must of force.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince and Poines.

Prince. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend mee thy hand to laugh a little.

Poines. Where hast been Hal?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst three or foure score Hogs-heads. I haue sounded the very base string of Humilitie. Sirra, I am sworne Brother to a leash of Drawers, & can call them all by their Christian names, as *Tom*, *Dicke*, and *Francis*: they take it already vpon their saluation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of *Curtieses*, and tell mee flatly, I am not proud *Iack*, like *Falstaffe*, but a *Corinthian*, a lad of mettall, a good Boy, (by the Lord so they call me) and when I am King of England, I shall commande all the good Lads in *Eastcheape*. They call drinking deepe, dying *Scarlet*; and when you breath in your watring, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne language during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action: but sweet *Ned*; to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this peniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder Skinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life, then *Eight shillings and sixe pence*, and, *You are welcome*, with this shrill addition, *Anon, anon* sir; skore a Pint of *Bastard* in the Halfe moone, or so. But *Ned*, to driue away time till *Falstaffe* come, I prethee doe thou stand in some by roome, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end he gaue me the Sugar, and doe neuer leaue calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon*: steppe aside, and Ile shew thee a present.

Poines. *Francis*.

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poines. *Francis*.

Enter Drawer.

Prin. *Anon, anon* sir; looke downe into the Pomgarnet, *Ralfe*.

D 2

Prince.



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Prince. Come hither Francis.

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. How long hast thou to serue, Francis?

Francis. Forsooth five yeares, and as much as to.

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone, anone sir.

Prince. Five yeares; berlady a long lease for the clinking of Pewter: But Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

Francis. O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all Bookes in England, I could find in my heart.

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Francis. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shall be

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gauest me, 'twas a penny worth, wast not?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had been two.

Prince. I will giue thee for it a thousand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone, anone.

Prince. Anone Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis: or Francis, on thurseday: or indeed Francis, when thou wilt: But Francis.

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherneierkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch?

Francis. O Lord sir, who do you meane?

Prince. Why then your Browne bastarde is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis, your White canuasse doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

Francis. What sir,

Poines. Francis.

Prince. Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?

¶ Heere they both call him, the Drawer standes amazed, not knowing which way to goe.

Enter Vintner.

Vint.

Henry the fourth.

Vint. VVhat, standst thou still, and hearst such a calling? looke to the Ghestes within. My Lord, old sir Iohn with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore, shall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone awhile, & then open the doore: Poines.

Poines. Anone, anone sir.

Enter Poines.

Prince. Sirra, Falstaffe and the rest of the Theeues, are at the doore, shall we be merry?

Poin. As merry as Crickets, my lad: but harke yee, what cunning match haue you made with this iest of the Drawer; come, what's the issue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that haue shewed themselves humors, since the old daies of goodman Adam, to the pupill age of this present, twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a clocke Francis?

Francis. Anone, anone sir.

Prin. That euer this fellow should haue fewer words then a Parret, & yet the son of a Woman. His industry is vp staires and downe staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the North, he that kills me some fixe or seuen dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his handes, and sayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet Harry, sayes she! how many hast thou kild to day? Giue my Roane horse a drench (sayes he) and answeres, some forteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in Falstaffe, Ile play Percy, and that damade Braine shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. Riuo, saies the drunkard: cal in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaffe.

Poines. Welcome Iacke, where hast thou beene?

Fal. A plague of all cowards I say, and a vengeance to, marry and Amen: giue me a cup of sack boy. E're I lead this life long, Ile sowe neatherstocks, and mend them, and foote them too. A plague of all cowards, Giue me a cup of sacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant?

Prin. Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of butter, pittifull harted Titan that melted at the sweete tale of the Sunne? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

D 3.

Falst.



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*Fal.* You rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but rogerie to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse then a cup of Sack with Lime in it. A villanous Coward, go thy way yes old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shot-ten Herring: there liues not three good men vnhand in England, and one of them is fatte, and growes old; God helpe the while, a bad world I say: I would I were a Weauer, I could sing Psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

*Prin.* How now Wolfacke, what mutter you?

*Fal.* A Kings sonne? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subiectes afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geese, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you *Prince of Wales*.

*Prin.* Why you horsen round man, what's the matter?

*Fal.* Are you not a Coward? answere me to that, and *Poiners* there.

*Prin.* Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me Coward, by the Lord Ile stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee Coward? Ile see thee damnde care I call thee Coward, but I would giue a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friendes? a plague vpon such backing: giue me them that will face me. Giue me a cup of Sack, I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

*Pri.* O villaine, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunkest last.

*Fal.* All's one for that.

*He drinks.*

A plague of all Cowards still say I.

*Prin.* Whats the matter?

*Fal.* Whats the matter? here be foure of vs, haue tane a thousand pound this morning.

*Prin.* Where is it? *Iacke*, where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

*Prin.* What, a hundred man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe sword, with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue scaped by myracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, foure through the

*Hose,*

Henry the fourth.

*Hose*, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I neuer dealt better since I was a man, al would not doe. A plague of all cowards, let them spake; if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darknesse.

*God.* Speake, sirs, how was it?

*Rofs.* We foure set vpon some dozen.

*Falst.* Sixteene, at least, my Lord.

*Rofs.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Fal.* You rogue they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

*Rofs.* As we were sharing, some fixe or seuen fresh men set vpon vs.

*Fal.* And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other.

*Prin.* What, fought yee with them all?

*Fal.* All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty vpon poore old *Iacke*, then am I no two leg'd creature.

*Poiners.* Pray God, you haue not murdered some of them.

*Fal.* Nay that's past praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them. Two I am sure I haue payed, two rogues in buckrom suites: I tel thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee alie, spit in my face; cal me Horse: thou knowest my old word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point, foure rogues in Buckrom let driue at me.

*Prin.* What, foure? thou said'st but two, euen now.

*Fal.* Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

*Poin.* I, I, he said foure.

*Fal.* These foure came all a front, and mainly thrust at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seuen pointes in my Target, thus.

*Prin.* Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

*Fal.* In Buckrom.

*Poin.* I, foure, in Buckrome suites.

*Fal.* Seuen, by these Hiltes, or I am a Villaine else.

*Prin.* Prethee let him alone, we shall haue more anon.

*Fal.* Doe'st thou heare me *Hal*?

*Prin.* I and marke thee too, *Iacke*.

*Fal.*



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*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the listening to, these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

*Prin.* So, two more already.

*Fal.* Their points being broken,

*Poyus.* Downe fell his hose.

*Fal.* Began to giue me ground: but I followed me close, came in foote and hand, & with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I paid.

*Prin.* O monstrous! eleuen buckrom men growne out of two?

*Fal.* But as the diuel would haue it, three misbegottē knaues, in Kendall greene, came at my backe and let driue at me, for it was so darke, *Hal*, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

*Prin.* These eyes are like the father that begets them, grosse as a moultaine, open palpable. Why thou clay-braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horson obscene greasie tallow catch.

*Fal.* What? art thou mad? art thou mad; is not the truth the truth?

*Prin.* Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendall greene, when it was so darke thou couldst not see thy hand? come tell vs your reason, What saist thou to this?

*Poy.* Come, your reason lacke, your reason.

*Fal.* What, vpon compulsion? Zoundes, and I were at the strappado, or al the racks in the world, I would not tel you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would giue no man a reason vpon compulsion, I.

*Prin.* He be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine coward, this bed-prester, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hil of flesh.

*Fal.* Zbloud you starueling, you elfskin, you dried neats tong, buls-pizzel, you stockefish: O for breath to vtter! what is like thee? you taylers yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing tucke.

*Prin.* Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, & when thou hast tried thy selfe in base comparisōs, heare me speak but thus

*Poy.* Marke, *Iacke*.

*Prin.* We two, saw you foure, set on foure & bound them, & were maisters of their welth: marke now how a plaine tale shall put you downe: then did wee two set on you foure, and with a word,

*Henry the fourth.*

word, outfac'd you from your prize, & haue it, yea, & can shew it you here in the house: and *Falstaffe*, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, & roared for mercy, & still run & roare, as euer I heard Bul-calse. What a slaue art thou to hack thy sword as thou hast done, & then say it was in fight? What tricke? what deuice? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame?

*Poin.* Come lets heare *Iacke*, what tricke hast thou now?

*Fals.* By the Lord, I knew yee as well as hee that made yee. Why heare you my maisters, was it for mee, to kill the Heire apparant? Should I turne vpon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince, instinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on instinct, I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince: but, by the Lord, Lads, I am glad you haue the Money. Hostesse, clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow: Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we haue a Play extempore?

*Prin.* Content, and the argument shal be, thy running away.

*Fals.* A, no more of that *Hal*, & thou louest me. Enter Hostesse.

*Hof.* O Iesu, my Lord the Prince!

*Prin.* How now my Lady the Hostesse, what saist thou to me?

*Hof.* Marry, my L. there is a Noble man of the court, at doore would speake with you: he sayes, he comes from your father.

*Prin.* Giue him as much as will make him a Royall man, and send him backe againe to my mother.

*Fal.* What manner of man is he?

*Hof.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth grautie out of his Bed at midnight? Shall I giue him his answer?

*Prin.* Prethee doe *Iacke*.

*Fals.* Fayth, and Ile send him packing.

*Exit.*

*Prin.* Now sirs: birlady you fought faire, so did you *Peto*, so did you *Bardol*; you are Lions too, you ran away vpon instinct, you will not touch the true Prince, no fie.

*Bar.* Fayth, I ran when I saw others runne.

*E.*

*Prince.*



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*Prince.* Fayth, tell me now in earnest, how came *Falstafes* Sword so hackt?

*Peto.* Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said he would sweare truth out of *England* but he would make you beleecue it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to do the like.

*Car.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make them bleecde, and then to beslabber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seauen yeares before, I blusht to heare his monstrous deuises.

*Prin.* O villaine, thou stolest a cup of Sacke eightene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, & yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bar.* My Lord, doe you see these meteors? doe you behold these exhalations?

*Prin.* I doe.

*Bar.* What thinke you they portend?

*Prin.* Hot Liuers, and cold Purfes.

*Bar.* Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

*Enter Falstafse.*

*Prin.* No, if rightly taken, Halter. Here comes leane *Iacke*, here comes bare-bone. How now my sweete creature of Bombast, how long is't ago, *Iacke*, since thou sawest thine owne Knee?

*Fal.* My owne Knee? when I was about thy yeares (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles talent in the wast: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe-ring: a plague of sighing and grieffe, it blows a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villanous newes abroad, here was sir *Iohn Braby* from your Father: you must goo to the Court in the morning. The same mad fellow of the North, *Percy*; and hee of *Wales*, that gaue *Amamon* the Bastinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and swore the *Diuell* his true liegeman vpon the crosse of a Welch hooke; what a plague call you him?

*Poin.* O, *Glendower*.

*Fal.* Owen, Owen, the same, and his Sonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly Scot of Scottes *Douglas*, that runnes a horse-back vp a hill perpendicular,

*Prin.* Hee that rides at high speed, and with a Pistoll killes a Sparrow flying.

*Fal.*

*Henrie the fourth.*

*Fal.* You haue hit it.

*Prin.* So did he neuer the Sparrow.

*Fal.* Well, that rascall hath good mettall in him, he will not runne.

*Prince.* Why what a rascall art thou then, to prayse him so for running?

*Fal.* A horse-backe (ye cuckoe) but a foote hee will not budge a foote.

*Prin.* Yes *Iacke*, vpon instinct.

*Fal.* I grant ye vpon instinct: well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thousand blew Caps more. *Worcester* is stolne away by night, thy fathers beard is turn'd white with the newes, you may buy Land now as cheape as stinking Mackrell.

*Prin.* Then tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this ciuill buffering hold, we shall buy Mayden-heads as they buy Hob-nailes, by the hundreds.

*Fal.* By the Masse lad, thou saist true, it is like we shall haue good trading that way. But tell me *Hal*, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being Heire apparant, could the world pickethes out three such Enemies againe, as that fiend *Douglas*, that spirit *Percy*, and that diuell *Glendower*? Art not thou horrible afeard?

*Prin.* Not a whit yfayth: I lacke some of thy instinct.

*Fal.* Well, thou wilt be horrible chidde to morrow when thou comest to thy Father: if thou doe loue me, practise an answer.

*Prin.* Doe thou stand for my Father, and examine me vpon the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content: this Chaire shall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushin my Crowne.

*Prin.* Thy State is taken for a ioynd Stole, thy golden Scepter for a leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne.

*Fal.* Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moued. Giue mee a cuppe of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I haue wept. for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it in King *Cambises* vaine.

E. 2.

*Prin.*



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*Prince.* Well, here is my legge.

*Fals.* And here is my speech: stand aside Nobilitie.

*Ho.* O Iesu, this is excellent sport, yfayth.

*Fal.* Weepe not sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

*Ho.* O the father, how he holdes his countenance?

*Fal.* For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queene:  
For teares doe stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

*Ho.* O Iesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry Players,  
as euer I see.

*Fal.* Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle braine.

*Harry,* I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time,  
but also, how thou art accompanied: For though the Cammo-  
mille the more it is troden, the faster it growes; yet youth, the  
more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: thou art my sonne, I haue  
partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a vil-  
lanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy neather  
lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be sonne to me, here lieth  
the point; why, being sonne to me, art thou so poynted at? shall  
the blessed sonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate Black-ber-  
ries? a question not to be askt. Shall the Sonne of England proue  
a thiefe, and take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing,  
*Harry,* which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to ma-  
ny in our land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient wri-  
ters do report) doth defile: so doth the company thou keepest:  
For *Harry,* now I do not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares:  
not in pleasure, but in passion; not in wordes onely, but in woes  
also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted  
in thy company, but I know not his name.

*Prin.* What manner of man, and it like your Maiestie?

*Fal.* A goodly portly man yfayth, & a corpulent, of a cheer-  
full looke, a pleasing eye, & a most noble cariage, & as I thinke,  
his age some fifty, or birlady, inclining to threescore, and now  
I remember me, his name is *Falstaffe*: if that man shold be lewd-  
ly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry,* I see vertue in his lookes; if  
then the tree may be knowne by the fruite, as the fruite by the  
tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that *Fal-  
staffe*, him keepe with, the rest banish: and tell mee now, thou  
naughty varlet, tell mee, where hast thou been this month?

*Prince,*

*Henry the fourth.*

*Prin.* Dost thou speake like a King? doe thou stand for mee,  
and Ile play my father.

*Fal.* Depose me, if thou dost it halfe so grauely, so maiesti-  
cally both in word and matter, hang mee vp by the heeles for a  
Rabbit-sucker, or a Poulters Hare.

*Prin.* Well, heere I am set.

*Fal.* And heere I stand, iudge my maisters.

*Prin.* Now *Harry,* whence come yeu?

*Fal.* My noble Lord, from *Eastcheape*.

*Prin.* The complaints I heare of thee, are grievous.

*Fal.* Zbloud my Lord, they are false: nay, Ile tickle ye for a  
young Prince yfayth.

*Prin.* Swarest thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth nere looke  
on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, there is a Di-  
uell hauntes thee in the likenesse of a fat old Man, a tun of man  
is thy companion: why dost thou conuerse with that trunke of  
humors, that boulding-hutch of beastlinesse, that swolne parcel  
of Dropsies, that huge bombard of Sacke, that stuff Cloke-bag  
of guttes, that roasted Manning tree Oxe with the Pudding in  
his belly, that reuerent Vice, that gray Iniquitie, that father  
Ruffian, that vanity in yeares: wherein is he good, but to taste  
Sacke and drinke it? wherein neat and clenly, but to carue a  
Capon & eate it? wherein cunning, but in Craft? wherein cras-  
tie, but in Villanie? wherein villanous, but in all things? where-  
in worthy, but in nothing?

*Fal.* I would your Grace would take mee with you: whom  
meanes your Grace?

*Prin.* That villanous abhominable misleader of youth, *Fal-  
staffe*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

*Fal.* My Lord, the man I know. *Prin.* I know thou dost.

*Fal.* But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe,  
were to say more then I know: that he is old (the more the pit-  
tie) his white haire do witness it: but that he is (sauiug your re-  
uerence) a whoremaster, that I vtterly deny: if Sacke & Sugar  
be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry be a  
sinne, then many an old Host that I know, is damnd: if to be  
fatte, be to be hated, then *Pharao* leane Kine are to be loued.  
No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardol*, banish *Peine*; but

F.



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for sweet *Iacke Falstaffe*, kind *Iacke Falstaffe*, true *Iacke Falstaffe*, valiant *Iacke Falstaffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is old *Iacke Falstaffe*, banish not him thy *Harries* company, banish not him thy *Harries* company, banish plump *Iacke*, and banish all the world.

*Prin.* I doe, I will.

*Enter Bardoll running.*

*Bar.* O, my Lord, my Lord, the *Sherife*, with a most monstrous Watch is at the dore.

*Fal.* Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I have much to say in the behalfe of that *Falstaffe*.

*Enter the Hofesse.*

*Hof.* O Iesu, my Lord, my Lord!

*Fal.* Heigh, heigh, the Diuell rides vpon a Fiddle-sticke, what's the matter?

*Hof.* The *Sherife*, and all the Watch are at the dore, they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

*Fal.* Doeſt thou heare *Hal*? neuer call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit, thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

*Prin.* And thou a naturall Coward, without instinſt.

*Fal.* I deny your Maior, if you will deny the *Sherife*, so, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall as soone be strangled with a Halter as an other.

*Prin.* Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest walke vp a boue. Now my Maisters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

*Fal.* Both which I haue had, but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me.

*Prin.* Call in the *Sherife*.

*Enter Sherife and the Carrier.*

*Prin.* Now Maister *Sherife*, what is your will with me?

*Sher.* First, pardon me, my Lord. A hue & cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

*Prin.* What men?

*Sher.* One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a grosse fatte man.

*Car.* As fatte as Butter.

*Prin.* The man, I doe assure you is not heere, For I my selfe at this time haue employed him.

And

*Henry the fourth.*

And *Sheriffe* I will ingage my word to thee, That I will by to morrow dinner time, Send him to answer thee or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withall, And so let me intreat you leaue the house,

*Sher.* I will, my Lord, there are two Gentlemen Haue in this robbery lost 300. markes.

*Prin.* It may be so, if he haue rob'd these men, He shall be answerable: and so farewell.

*Sher.* Good night my noble Lord.

*Prin.* I thinke it is good morrow, is it not?

*Sher.* Indeed my Lord, I thinke it be two a clocke.

*Prin.* This oyle rascall is knowne as well as *Paules*: goe call him forth.

*Peto.* *Falstaffe*? fast a sleepe behind the Arras, and snorting like a horse.

*Prin.* Hark, how hard he fetches breath, search his pockets.

He searcheth his Pockets, and findeth certaine papers.

*Prin.* What hast thou found?

*Peto.* Nothing but Papers my Lord,

*Prin.* Lets see what be they: reade them.

Item a Capon

Item sawce

Item, Sacke, two gallons.

Item Anchoues and Sacke after supper.

Item bread.

O monstrous but one halfe peniworth of bread to this intolerable deale of Sacke? what there is else, keepe close, weele read it at more aduantage: there let him sleep till day, ile to the court in the morning, We must all to the wars, and thy place shall bee honorable. Ile procure this fat rogue a charge of foote, and I know his death will be a match of twelue score; the mony shall be paide backe againe with aduantage: be with me betimes in the morning, and so good morrow *Peto*.

*Peto.* Good morrow, good my Lord

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer*

*Owen Glendower.*

*Mor.* These promises are faire, the parties sure,

And



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And our induction full of prosperous hope.

*Hot.* Lord Mortimer, & coosin Glendower, will you sit downe:  
And vncke Worcester; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the Map.

*Glen.* No, here it is; sit Coosin Percy, sit good Coosin Hotspur;  
for by that name, as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you, his  
Cheeke lookes pale; and with a rising sigh he wisheth you in  
Heauen.

*Hot.* And you in Hell; as oft as he heares Owen Glendower  
spoke of.

*Glen.* I can not blame him; at my natiuitie,  
The front of Heauen was full of fire shapes,  
Of burning Cressets: and at my birth,  
The frame and foundation of the Earth  
Shak'd like a Coward.

*Hot.* Why so it would haue done at the same season, if your  
Mothers Cat had but kitchened, though your selfe had neuer bin  
borne.

*Glen.* I say the Earth did shake when I was borne.

*Hot.* And I say the Earth was not of my minde,  
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

*Glen.* The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

*Hot.* Oh! then the Earth shooke to see the Heauens on fire,  
And not in feare of your Natiuitie:

Diseased Nature oftentimes breakes foorth

In strange eruptions, and the teeming Earth,

Is with a kind of Collicke pinch and vext,

By the imprisoning of vnruely Winde

Within her wombe, which for enlargement struiuing,

Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and toples downe

Steeple, and mos-growne Towers. At your Birth

Our Grandam Earth, hauing this distemperature,

In passion shooke.

*Glen.* Coosin, of many men

I doe not beare these crossings: giue me leaue

To tell you once againe, that at my Birth,

The front of Heauen was full of fire shapes,

The Goates ran from the Mountaines; and the Heardes

Were strangely clamorous to the frighted Fieldes,

These

*Henry the fourth.*

These signes haue markt me extraordinarie,

And all the courses of my life do shew,

I am not in the roll of common men:

Where is the living, clipt in with the Sea,

That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales,

Which calls me Pupill, or hath read to me,

And bring him out, that is but Womans sonne,

Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,

And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

*Hot.* I thinke there's no man speakes better Welsh;

He to dinner.

*Mor.* Peace coosen Percy, you will make him mad.

*Glen.* I can call Spirits from the vasty deepe.

*Hot.* Why, so can I, or so can any man:

But will they come, when you do call for them?

*Glen.* Why, I can teach thee coosen, to command the Diuell.

*Hot.* And I can teach thee coosen, to shame the Diuell,

By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the Diuell.

If thou haue power to raise him, bring him hither,

And he be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence.

Oh while you liue, tell truth, and shame the Diuell.

*Mor.* Come, come no more of this vnprofitable chat.

*Glen.* Threethimes hath Henry Bullingbrooke made head

Against my power, thrice from the banks of Wye,

And Sandy bottom'd Severne haue I hent him

Bootles home, and weather-beaten backe.

*Hot.* Home without bootes, and in fowle weather too?

How scapes he agues in the diuels name?

*Glen.* Come, here is the Map, shall we deuide our right,

According to our threefold order tane?

*Mor.* The Arch-deacon hath deuided it

Into three limits, very equally:

England from Trent, and Seuerne hitherto,

By South and East, is to my part assignde,

All Westward, Wales beyond the Seuerne shore,

And all the fertile land within that bound.

To Owen Glendower: and deare coose, to you

The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent,

E.

And



*The Historie of*

And our indentures tripartite are drawne  
Which being sealed enterchangeably,  
(A busines that this night may execute :)  
To morrow coosen *Percy* you and I  
And my good Lord of *Worcester* will set forth,  
To meet your father and the Scottish power,  
As is appointed vs at *Shrewsbury*.  
My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,  
Nor shall we need his helpe these fourteene dayes;  
Within that space, you may haue drawne together.  
Your tenants, friendes and neighbouring gentlemen.

*Glen.* A shorter time shall fend me to you, Lords  
And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,  
From whome you now must steale and take no leaue,  
For there will be a world of water shed,  
Vpon the parting of your wiues and you.

*Hor.* Me thinkes my moiety *North* from *Burton* here  
In quantity equals not one of yours :  
See, how this riuer comes me cranking in,  
And cuts me from the best of all my land,  
A huge halfe Moone, a mostrous scantle out:  
He haue the currant in this place damd vp,  
And here the smug and siluer *Trent* shall run,  
In a new channell, faire and euenly,  
It shall not wind with such a deepe indent,  
To rob me of so rich a bottome here.

*Glen.* Not wind? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

*Mor.* Yea, but marke how he beares his courrs, and runs me  
vp, with like aduantage on the other side, gelding the opposed  
continent, as much, as on the other side, it takes from you.

*Wor.* Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,  
And on this *North* side, win this cape of land  
And then he runs straight and euen,

*Hor.* He haue it so, a little charge will do it.

*Glen.* He not haue it alred.

*Hor.* Will not you?

*Glen.* No, nor you shall nor.

*Hor.* Who shall say me nay?

*Henry the fourth.*

*Glen.* Why, that Will I,

*Hor.* Let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in *welsh*.

*Glen.* I can speake English, Lord, as well as you,  
For I was traind vp in the English Court,  
Where, being but yong, I framed to the harpe  
Many an English dittie, souly well,  
And gaue the tongue a helpefull ornament :  
A vertue that was neuer seene in you,

*Hor.* Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,  
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,  
Then one of these same miter ballet-mongers :  
I had rather heare a brasen canstick turnd,  
Or a dry wheele grat on the axle-tree,  
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,  
Nothing so much as minsing Poetry :  
Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling nag.

*Glen.* Come you shall haue *Trent* turnd.

*Hor.* I do not care, He giue thrice so much land  
To any well deseruing friend :  
But in the way of bargaine, marke yeme :  
He cauill on the ninth part of a haire.  
Are the indentures drawne? shall we be gone?

*Glen.* The Moone shines faire, you may away by night :  
He haue the writer, and withall,  
Breake with your wiues, of your departure hence,  
I am a fraide my daughter will run mad,  
So much she doteth on her *Mortimer*.

*Exit.*

*Mor.* Fie, coosen *Percy*, how you crosse my father.

*Hor.* I cannot chur'e, sometime he angers me  
With telling me of of the Moldwarp and the Ant,  
Of the dreamer *Merlin* and his prophecies :  
And, of a dragon and a finlesse fish,  
A clip-wingd Griffin and a moulten Rauon,  
A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat,  
And such a deale of Skimble skamble stiffe,  
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,  
He held me last night, at least, nine houres,  
In reckning vp the seuerall diuels names.

F 2,

That



*The Historie of*

That were his Lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,  
But mark him not a word; O, he is as tedious  
As a tyred Horse, a rayling Wife,  
Worse then a smokie House. I had rather liue  
With Cheefe and Garlicke in a Windmill farre,  
Then feed on cates, and haue him talke to me,  
In any Summer-house in Christendome.

*Mor.* In fayth he was a worthy Gentleman,  
Exceeding well read and profited  
In strange concealements, valiant as a Lion,  
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull  
As Mines of *India*: shall I tell you, Coosen,  
He holdes your temper in a high respect,  
And curbs himselfe, even of his naturall scope,  
When you come crosse his humour, sayth he does:  
I warrant you, that man is not aliuie.  
Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done,  
With out the taste of danger and reproofe:  
But doe not vse it oft, let me intreat you.

*Wor.* In fayth, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,  
And since your comming hither, haue done enough  
To put him quite besides his patience:  
You must needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault,  
Though sometimes it shew greatnesse, courage, blood,  
And thats the dearest grace it renders you:  
Yet often times it doth present harsh rage,  
Defect of manners, want of government,  
Pride, haughtinesse, opinion, and disdaines  
The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,  
Loseth mens heartes, and leaues behind a stain  
Vpon the beautie of all partes besides,  
Beguiling them of commendation.

*Hor.* Well, I am schoold, Good-manners be your speed,  
Heere come your Wines, and let vs take our leaue.

*Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.*

*Mor.* This is the deadly spight that angers me,  
My Wife can speake no *English*, I no *Welsh*.

*Glen.* My Daughter weepes, sheele not part with you,  
Sheele

*Henry the fourth.*

Sheele be a souldier too, sheele to the warres.

*Mor.* Good father tell her, that she, and my Aunt *Percy*,  
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

*Glendower speakes to her in welsh, and she answeres  
him in the same.*

*Glen.* She is desperat heere,  
A peeuis selfe-wild harlotry, one that no perswasion can doe  
good vpon.

*The Lady speakes in Welsh.*

*Mor.* I vnderstand thy lookes, that pretty welsh,  
Which thou powrest downe from these swelling heauens,  
I am to perfect in, and but for shame  
In such a parley should I answer thee.

*The Lady againe in welsh.*

*Mor.* I vnderstand thy kisses, and thou mine,  
And thats a feeling disputation:  
But I will neuer be a truant loue,  
Till I haue learnd thy language, for thy tongue  
Makes *welsh* as sweets as ditties highly pend,  
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers bowre,  
With rauishing diuision to her lute.

*Glen.* Nay, if thou melt, then will she runne mad.

*The Lady speakes againe in welsh.*

*Mor.* O, I am ignorance it selfe in this.

*Glen.* She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you downe,  
And rest your gentle head vpon her lap,  
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,  
And on your eyelids crowne the God of sleepe,  
Charming your bloud with pleasing heauinesse  
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleepe,  
As is the difference betwixt day and night,  
The houre before the heauenly harnest ceeme  
Begins his golden progresse in the East.

*Mor.* With all my heart Ilesit and heare her sing,  
By that time will our booke I thinke be drawne.

*Glen.* Do so, and those Musitionis that shall play to you,  
Hang in the ayre a thousand leagues from thence,  
And straight they shall be here, sit and attend.



*The Historie of*

*Hot.* Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe:  
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

*La.* Go, ye giddy goose,

*The musicke Playes.*

*Hot.* Now I perceiue the diuell vnderstands *Welsh*,  
And 'tis no maruell he is so humorous,  
Birlady he is a good musition.

*La.* Then would you be nothing but musically,  
For you are altogether governed by humors:

Lie still ye thicke, and heare the *Lady* sing in *Welsh*.

*Hot.* I had rather heare *Lady*, my brach howle in *Irish*.

*La.* Would'st haue thy head broken?

*Hot.* No.

*La.* Then be still.

*Hot.* Neither, 'tis a womans fault.

*La.* Now God helpe thee.

*Hot.* To the *Welsh* Ladies bed.

*La.* What's that?

*Hot.* Peace, she sings.

*Here the Lady sings a Welsh song.*

*Hot.* Come, Ile haue your song too.

*La.* Not mine in good sooth.

*Hot.* Not yours in good sooth? Hart you sweare like a com-  
fitmakers wife, not you in good sooth, and as true as I liue, and  
as God shall mend me, and as sure as day:

And giuest such sarcenet surety for thy othes,

As if thou neuer walkst further then *Finsburie*:

Sweare me *Kate*, like a *Lady* as thou art,

A good mouth-filling oath, and leaue in sooth,

And such protest of pepper ginger-bread,

To veluet gards, and Sunday-Citizens.

Come, sing.

*La.* I will not sing.

*Hot.* 'Tis the next way to turne tayler, or bered-brest teacher;  
and the indentures be drawne, Ile away within these 2. houres,  
and so come in when ye will.

*Exit.*

*Glen.* Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are slow,

As *Hot* Lord *Percy* is on fire to go.

*By*

*Henry the fourth.*

By this our Booke is drawne, wee le but scale,  
And then to Horse immediatly.

*Mor.* With all my heart.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and other.*

*King.* Lords, giue vs leaue, the *Prince of Wales* and I,  
Must haue some priuate conference, but be neere at hand,

*Exeunt Lords.*

For we shall presently haue need of you.

I know not whether God will haue it so,

For some displeasing seruice I haue done,

That in his secret doome, out of my blood,

Hee'le breed reuengement and a scourge for me:

But thou dost in the passages of life,

Make me beleue, that thou art onely mark'd

For the hot vengeance, and the rod of heauen,

To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else

Could such inordinate and low desires,

Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,

Such barren pleasures, rude societie,

As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,

Accompany the greatnes of thy blood,

And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart?

*Prin.* So please your Maiestie, I would I could

Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,

As well as I am doubtesse I can purge

My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:

Yet such extenuation let me beg,

As in reproofe of many tales deuise,

Which oft the care of greatnes needes must heare

By smiling Pick-thankes, and base newes-mongers,

I may for some things true, wherein my youth

Hath faulty wandred, and irregular

Finde pardon on my true submission.

*King.* God pardon thee; yet let me wonder, *Harry*,

At thy affections, which doe hold a wing

Quite from the flight of all thy auncestors:

Thy place in Counsell thou hast rudely lost,

Which by thy younger Brother is supplide;

And art almost an alien to the heartes

*Of*



*The Historie of*

Of all the Court and Princes of my blood,  
The hope and expectation of thy time,  
Is ruin'd, and the soule of euery man  
Prophetically do fore-thinke thy fall:  
Had I so lauish of my presence beene,  
So common hackneid in the eyes of men,  
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,  
Opinion that did helpe me to the Crowne  
Had still kept loyall to possession,  
And left me in reputeles banishment.  
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood,  
By beeing seldome scene, I could not stir  
But like a Comet I was wondred at,  
That men would tel their children, This is he:  
Others would say, where, which is *Bullingbrooke*:  
And then I stole all curtesie from heauen,  
And drest my selfe in such humility,  
That I did plucke allegiance from mens harts:  
Loud shoutes and salutations from their mouthes  
Euen in the presence of the crowned king.  
Thus I did keepe my person fresh and new,  
My presence like a robe pontificall,  
Ne're scene, but wondred at, and so my state  
Seldome, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast  
And wan by rarenes such solemnity.  
The skipping king, he ambled vp and downe,  
With shallow iesters, and rash bawin wits,  
Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his state,  
Mingled his royalty with Carping fooles;  
Had his great name prophaned with their scornes,  
And gaue his countenance against his name,  
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push  
Of euery beardless vaine comparatiue  
Grew a companion to the common streetes,  
Enseofthimselfe to popularity,  
That being dayly swallowed by mens eyes,  
They surfetted with hony, and began to loath,  
The tast of sweetnes, wherof a little.

More

*Henrie the fourth.*

More then a little, is by much too much.  
So when he had occasion to bee scene,  
He was, but as the Cuckow is in Iune,  
Heard, not regarded: scene but with such eyes  
As sicke and and blunted with community,  
Affoord no extraordinary gaze,  
Such as is bent on sun-like Maiesty,  
When it shines seldome in admiring eyes,  
But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids downe  
Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect  
As cloudy men vse to do to their aduersaries,  
Being with his presence, gultted, gorge and full.  
And in that very line, *Harry* standest thou  
For, thou hast lost thy Princely priuiledge,  
With vile participation; Not an eye  
But is awery of thy common sight,  
Saue mine, which hath desired to see thee more,  
Which now doth that I would not haue it doe:  
Make blind it selfe with foolish tendernes.  
*Prin.* I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,  
Be more my selfe. *King.* For all the world  
As thou art to this howre, was *Richard* then,  
When I from France set foot at *Rauenspurgh*,  
And euen as I was then is *Percy* now:  
Now by my scepter and my soule to boote,  
He hath more worthy interest to the state,  
Then thou, the shadow of succession,  
For of no right nor colour like to right,  
He doth fill fieldes with Harnes in the Realme,  
Turns head against the Lions armed lawes,  
And being no more indebt to yeares, then thou  
Leades ancient Lords, and reuerent Bishops on,  
To bloody battels, and to brusing armes,  
What neuer dying honor hath he got,  
Against renowned *Dowglas*? whose high deedes,  
Whose hot incurfions, and great name in Armes,  
Holds from all Souldiers chiefe maiority,  
And military title capitall.

G.

Through



Through all the kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,  
Thrice hath the *Hotspur* Mars in swathing clothes,  
This infant warriour, in his enterprises,  
Discomfited great *Douglas*, tane him once,  
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,  
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,  
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.  
And what say you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,  
The Archbishops *Grace of Yorke*, *Douglas*, *Mortimer*,  
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.  
But, wherefore do I tell these newes to thee?  
Why, *Harry* do I tell thee of my foes,  
Which art my neer'st and deereft enemy?  
Thou that art like enough through vassall feare,  
Base inclination, and the start of spleene,  
To fight against me vnder *Percy*'s pay,  
To dog his heeles, and curtse at his frownes,  
To shew how much thou art degenerate.  
*Prin.* Do not thinke so, you shall not finde it so,  
And God forgive them, that so much haue swayed  
Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me:  
I will redeeme all this on *Percy*'s head:  
And in the closing of some glorious day  
Be bold to tell you that I am your sonne,  
When I will weare a garment all of blood,  
And staine my fauours in a bloody maske,  
Which washt away, shall scoure my shame with it.  
And that shall be the day, when ere it lights  
That this same child of honour and renowne,  
This gallant *Hotspur*, this all-prayed knight,  
And your vnthought of *Harry* chance to meet,  
For euery honor sitting on his helme,  
Would they were multitudes, and on my head  
My shames redoubled. For the time will come  
That I shall make this Northerne youth exchange  
His glorious deedes for my indignities,  
*Percy* is but my Factor, good my Lord  
To engrosse my glorious deedes on my behalfe.

And

And I will call him to so strict account,  
That he shall render euery glory vp,  
Yea, euen the sleightest worship of his time,  
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.  
This in the name of God I promise here,  
The which if he be pleas'd I shall performe.  
I do beseech your Maiesty may saue,  
The long growne woundes of my intemperance:  
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,  
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,  
Ere breake the smallest parcell of this vow.

*King.* A hundred thousand rebels die in this,  
Thou shalt haue charge, and soueraigne trust herein.  
How now good *Blunt*? thy lookes are full of speed.

*Enter Blunt.*  
*Blunt.* So hath the busines that I come to speake of,  
Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland hath sent word,  
That *Douglas* and the English rebels met  
The eleuenth of this month, at *Shrewsburie*.

A mighty and a fearefull head they are,  
(If promises be kept on euery hand)  
As quer offered foule play in a state.

*King.* The Earle of *Westmerland* set forth to day,  
With him my soone Lord *John of Lancaster*,  
For this aduertisement is fide daies old,  
On wednesday next *Harry* thou shalt set forward:  
On Thursday, we our selues will march. Our meeting  
Is *Bridgenorth*, and *Harry* you shall march  
Through *Glocester-shire*, by which account  
Our busines valued some twelue daies hence  
Our generall forces at *Bridgenorth* shall meet.  
Our hands are full of busines, let's away,  
Adantage feedes him fat, while men delay.

*Enter Falstaffe and Bardoll.*  
*Fal.* *Bardoll*, am I not false away vilely since this last action?  
do I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skin hangs about  
me like an old Ladies loose gowne. I am withered like an olde  
apple *John*. Well, ile repent, and that so dainely, while I am in  
some



some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, & then I shall haue no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a Peppercorne, a Brewers horse, the inside of a Church. Company, villanous company hath been the spoyle of me.

Bar. Sir Iohn, you are so fretfull, you can not liue long.

Fal. Why there is it; come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuously giuen, as a Gentleman need to be, vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not aboue seven times a weeke, went to a Bawdy house not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed three or foure times, liued well, and in good compasse: and now I liue out of all order, out of compasse.

Bar. Why, you are so fatte, Sir Iohn, that you must needes be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, Sir Iohn.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, & Ile amend my life: thou art our Admiall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee: thou art the Knight of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, Sir Iohn, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, Ile be sworne, I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a memento mori. I neuer see thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and Diues that liued in Purple: for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giue to vertue, I would swear by thy face: my oth should be, *By this fire that's Gods Angel*: But thou art altogether giuen ouer; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of vtter darknesse. When thou ranst vp *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of Wild-fire there's no purchase in Money. O thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an euermlasting Bone-fire-light, thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sacke that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeares: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zlound, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God amercy, so should I be sure to be heart-burnd.

How

How now, dame Partlet the Hen, haue you enquired yet who pickt my Pocket?

Hof. Why Sir Iohn, what do you thinke, Sir Iohn? do you thinke I keepe theeues in my house? I haue searcht, I haue enquired, so haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, seruant by seruant: the tigh of a haire was neuer lost in my house before.

Fal. Yelie Hostesse, Bardol was shau'd, and lost many a haire: and Ile be sworne my Pocket was pickt: goe to, you are a woman, goe.

Hof. Who? I? I defie thee: Gods light, I was neuer cald so in mine owne house before.

Fal. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Hof. No, Sir Iohn, you do not know me, Sir Iohn, I know you Sir Iohn, you owe me money Sir Iohn, & now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirtes to your backe.

Fal. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I haue giuen them away to Bakers wiues, they haue made Boulters of them.

Hof. Now at I am a true Woman, Holland of viij. s. an ell: you owe money heere besides, Sir Iohn, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, xxiiij. pound.

Fal. Hee had his part of it, let him pay.

Hof. Hee? alas he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How? poore? looke vpon his face: What call you rich? let them coine his Nose, let them coine his cheekes, Ile not pay a denier: what, will you make a younker of mee? shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall haue my pocket pickt? I haue lost a scale Ring of my Grandfathers worth fourty marke.

Hof. O Iesu, I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a lacke, a sneak-cup: Zbloud and he were here, I would cudgel him like a Dog, if he would say so.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meetes him playing on his Trunchion like a Fife.

Fal. How now Lad, is the wind in that doore yfaith? Must we all march?

Bar. Yea, two and two; Newgate fashion.

Hof. My Lord, I pray you heare mee.



The Historie of

*Prin.* What saist thou, *Mistress quicky*? how dow thy hus-  
band? I loue him well, he is an honest man.  
*Host.* Good my Lord heare me.  
*Fal.* Prethee let her alone and list to me.  
*Prin.* What saist thou *Iacke*?  
*Fal.* The other night I fell a sleepe, here behind the Arras,  
and had my pocket pickt, this house is turnde bawdy-house,  
they pick pockets.  
*Prin.* What didst thou lose, *Iacke*?  
*Fal.* Wilt thou belecue me, *Hal*? three or foure bonds, of for-  
ty pound a peace, and a seale Ring of my grandfathers.  
*Prin.* A trifle, some eight penny matter.  
*Host.* So I told him my Lord, and I said, I heard your Grace  
say so; and my Lord he speakes most vilely of you, like a foule  
mouth'd man, as he is, and said, he would cudgell you.  
*Prin.* What he did not?  
*Host.* Ther's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me els.  
*Fal.* There's no more faith in thee, then a stued Prune; nor  
no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Foxe; and for Woman-  
hood, Maydmarian may be the Deputies wife of, the ward to  
thee. Goe you thing, goe.  
*Host.* Say, What thing, what thing?  
*Fal.* What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.  
*Host.* I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst  
know it, I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy Knight-  
hood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.  
*Fal.* Setting thy woman-hood aside, thou art a beast, to say  
otherwise.  
*Host.* Say, What beast, thou knaue thou?  
*Fal.* What Beast? why an Otter.  
*Prin.* An Otter, *Sir John*? Why an Otter?  
*Fal.* Why? ther's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not  
where to haue her.  
*Host.* Thou art an vniust man in saying so, thou, or any man  
knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.  
*Prin.* Thou sayest true *Hostesse*, and hee slaunders thee most  
grofely.  
*Host.* So hee doth you, my Lord, and sayd this other day.

You

Henry the fourth.

You ought him a thousand pound.  
*Prin.* Sirra, doe I owe you a thousand pound?  
*Fal.* A thousand pound *Hal*? a Million: thy loue is worth a  
Million: thou owest me thy loue.  
*Host.* Nay, my Lord, hee cald you *Iacke*, and said hee would  
cudgell you.  
*Fal.* Did I, *Bardol*?  
*Bar.* Indeed, *Sir John*, you sayd so.  
*Fal.* Yea, if he sayd my Ring was Copper.  
*Prin.* I say tis Copper: darst thou be as good as thy word now?  
*Fal.* Why *Hal*? thou knowest, as thou art but a man, I dare,  
but as thou art *Prince*, I feare thee; as I feare the roaring of the  
Lyons whelpes.  
*Prin.* And why not as the Lion?  
*Fal.* The King himselfe, is to be feared as the Lyon: doest  
thou thinke he feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay, and I doe, I  
pray God my Girdle breake.  
*Prin.* O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees?  
But sirra, there's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this  
bosome of thine; it is all filde vp with Gutes, and Midriffe:  
Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou  
horeson impudent imboist rascall, if there were any thing in thy  
pocket, but tauerne reckonings, memorandums of Bawdy hou-  
ses, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candie to make thee  
long-winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniu-  
ries but these, I am a villaine; and yet you will stand to it, you  
will not pocket vp wrong: art thou not ashamed?  
*Fal.* Doest thou heare *Hal*? thou knowst in the state of inno-  
cencie, *Adam* fell: & what should poore *Iacke Falstaffe* do in the  
daies of villany? thou seest, I haue more flesh then another man,  
& therefore more frailty. You confesse then you pickt my pocket.  
*Prin.* It appeares so by the story.  
*Fal.* *Hostesse*, I forgieue thee: goe make ready breakfast, loue  
thy Husband, looke to thy Seruants, cherish thy Ghestes, thou  
shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am  
pacified still: nay, I prethee be gone. Exit *Hostesse*.  
Now *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the robbery, lad: how is  
that answered?

*Prin.*



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*Prin.* O my sweet beeffe, I must still be good Angell to thee,  
the mony is paid backe againe.

*Fal.* O, I do not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

*Prin.* I am good friends with my father, & may do any thing

*Fal.* Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doest, and  
do it with vnwasht hands too.

*Bar.* Do my Lord.

*Prin.* I haue procured thee Iacke a charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would it had bene of horse. Where shall I finde one  
that can steale wel? O for a fine theefe of the age of xxii, or ther  
about; I am hainously vnprovided. Well, God be thanked for  
these rebels, they offend none but the vertuous; I laud them, I  
praise them.

*Prince Bardoll.*

*Bar.* My Lord.

*Prin.* Go beare this letter to Lord John of Lancaster;

To my brother John: this to my Lord of Westmerland;

Go, *Peto*, to horse for thou and I

Haue thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time;

Iacke meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,

At two a clocke in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue;

Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, *Percy* stands on high,

And eyther they or we must lower lie.

*Fal.* Rare words! braue world. *Hofstet*, my breakfast come

Oh, I could wish this Tauerne were my drum.

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester and Douglas.*

*Hor.* Well said, my noble *Scott*, if speaking truth

In this fine age were not thought flattery,

Such attribution should the *Douglas* haue,

As not a Souldier of this seasons stampe,

Should go so generall currant through the world;

By God I cannot flatter, I defie

The tongues of soothers, but a brauer place

In my harts loue hath no man then your selfe.

Nay, taske me to my word, approue me Lord.

*Dow.* Thou art the king of honour,

No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,

But I will beard him.

*Enter one with letters.*

*Hor.*

Henry the fourth.

*Hot.* Do so, and tis well: What letters hast thou there I can  
but thanke you.

*Mess.* These letters come from your father.

*Hot.* Letters from him? why comes he not himselfe?

*Mess.* He cannot come, my Lord, he is grieuous sick.

*Hot.* Zounds, how haz he the leifure to be sicke  
In such a iustling time? who leades his power?

Vnder whose gouernment come they along?

*Mess.* His litters beares his mind, not I his mind.

*Wor.* I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his bed?

*Mess.* He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I set forth.  
And at the time of my departure thence,  
He was much feard by his Phisition.

*Wor.* I would the state of time had first bin whole,  
Ere he by sicknesse had bin visited:

His health was neuer better worth then now.

*Hot.* Sicke now, droope now, this sicknes doth infect

The very life-bloud of our enterprife,

Tis catching hither, euen to our campe:

He writes me here, that in ward sicknesse

And that his friends by deputation

Could not so soone be drawne, nor did he thinke it meete

To lay so dangerous and deare a trust

On any soule remou'd, but on his owne,

Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisement,

That with our small coniunction, we should on

To see how fortune is dispos'd to vs:

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the king is certainly posselt

Of all our purposes: what say you to it?

*Wor.* Your fathers sicknesse is a maine to vs.

*Hot.* A perillous gash, a very limme lopt off,

And yet, in faith, it is not his present want

Seemes more then we shall find it were it good,

To set the exact wealth of all our states,

Ali at one cast: to set so rich a maine,

On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull houre,

It were not good, for therein should we read

H.

The



*The Historie of*

The very bottome and the soule of Hope,  
The very list, the very vtmost bound  
Of all our Fortunes.

*Dowg.* Fayth, and so we should,  
Where now remains a sweet reuerfion.  
We may boldly spend vpon the hope of what t'is to come in  
A comfort of retirement liues in this.

*Hot.* A randeuous, a home to fly vnto,  
If that the Diuell and Mischance looke big  
Vpon the maydenhead of our affaires.

*Wor.* But yet I would your Father had been heere :

The qualitie and heire of our attempt  
Brookes no deuifion, it will be thought  
By some, that know not why he is away,  
That wisdom, loyalty, and meere dislike  
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.  
And thinke, how such an apprehension  
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,  
And breed a kind of question in our cause:  
For, well you know, we of the offering side,  
Must keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement,  
And stop all fight-holes, euery loope, from whence  
The eye of reason may pricke in vpon vs :  
This absence of your Father drawes a curtaine,  
That shewes the ignorant, a kind of feare  
Before not dreamt of.

*Hot.* You straine too farre.  
I rather of his absence make this vse,  
It lendes a lustre and more great opinion,  
A larger dare to your great enterprize,  
Then if the Earle were heere : for men must thinke,  
If we without his helpe, can make a head  
To push against the Kingdome, with his helpe,  
We shall, or turne it top sic turuy downe :  
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.

*Dowg.* As heart can thinke, there is not such a word  
Spoke of in Scotland, at this deame of feare.

*Enter Sir Rib. Vernon.*

*Hot.*

*Henrie the fourth.*

*Hot.* My cosen Vernon, welcome by my soule.

*Ver.* Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.  
The Earle of Westmerland, seauen thousand strong,  
Is marching hitherwards, with Prince John.

*Hot.* No harme, what more?

*Ver.* And further, I haue learnd,  
The King himselfe in person hath set forth,  
Or hitherwards intended speedily,  
With strong and mightie preparation.

*Hot.* He shall be welcome too ; Where is his Sonne,  
The nimble-footed madcap, Prince of Wales,  
And his Cumrades, that dash the world aside,  
And bid it passe?

*Ver.* All furnisht? all in Armes?  
All plumde like Estriges, that with the winde  
Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd,  
Glittering in golden Coates like Images,  
As full of spirit as the month of May,  
And gorgious as the Sunne at Midsummer,  
Wanton as yo uthfull Goates, wilde as young Buls:  
I saw young Harry with his Beuer on,  
His Cushes on his thighes, gallantiy armde,  
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,  
And vaulted with such ease into his seate,  
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Cloudes,  
To turne and winde a fiery Pegasus,  
And witch the world with noble Horse-manship.

*Hot.* No more, no more; worse then the Sunne in March.  
This prayse doth nourish Agues; let them come,  
They come like Sacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-cyde mayde of smokie Warre,  
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:  
The mayled Mars shall on his Altar sit  
Vp to the eares in Blood. I am on fire  
To heare this rich reprizall is so nigh:  
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horse,  
Who is to beare me like a thunder-bolt,  
Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales,

*H 2*

*Harry*



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Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse  
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe:  
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

*Ver.* There is more newes,  
I learned in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,  
He can draw his power this fourteene dayes.

*Dawg.* That's the worſt tydings, that I heare of yet.

*Wor.* I by my fayth, that beares a froſty ſound.

*Hot.* What may the Kinges whole Battell reach vnto?

*Ver.* To thirtie thouſand.

*Hot.* Fourtie let it be.

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,

The powers of vs, may ſerue ſo great a day.

Come, let vs take a Muſter ſpeedily,

Doomes day is neere, die all, diemerrily.

*Dawg.* Talke not of dying, I am out of feare

Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeere.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Falſtalffe and Bardoll.*

*Falſ.* *Bardoll*, get thee before to *Conenry*, fill mee a bottle of  
Sacke, our Souldiers ſhall march through; Weele to *Sutton-cop-*  
*hill* to night.

*Bar.* Will you giue me money Captaine?

*Falſ.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bar.* This Bottle makes an Angell.

*Falſ.* And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twen-  
tie, take them all I, leaſure the coynage; bid my Lieutenant  
*Peto* meete me a Townes end.

*Bar.* I will Captaine: farewell,

*Exit.*

*Falſ.* If I be aſhamed of my Souldiers, I am a ſowſt Gurnet; I  
haue miſuſed the Kinges Preſſe damnably. I haue got in ex-  
change of 150. Souldiers, 300. & odde pounds. I preſſe me none  
but good Houſholders, Yeomen ſonnes, inquire me out con-  
tracted Batchelers, ſuch as had been aſkt twice on the Banes;  
ſuch a commoditie of warme ſlaues, as had as leue heare the  
Diuell as a Drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuier, worſe  
then a ſtrook-foole, or a hurt Wild-ducke: I preſſe me none but  
ſuch Toſts and Butter, with heartes in their bellies no bigger  
then Pins heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruices: and  
now

*Henry the fourth.*

now, my whole charge conſiſtes of Ancients, Corporals, Lieu-  
tenants, Gentlemen of companies, Slaues as ragged as Lazarus  
in the painted Cloth where the Gluttons Dogs licked his ſores:  
and ſuch as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but diſcarded vniuſt  
Seruingmen, yonger Sonnes to yonger Brothers, reuolted Tap-  
ſters and Oſlers tradefalne, the Cankers of a calme world, and  
long peace, ten times more diſhonorable ragged, then an old  
ſaczde Ancient; and ſuch haue I to fill vp the roomes of them  
as haue bought out their ſeruices, that you would thinke, that I  
had a hundred and fiftie tottered Prodigals, lately come from  
Swine-keeping, from eating draffe and huskes. A madd fellow  
met me on the way, and told me I had vnloaded all the gibbets,  
and preſt the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeene ſuch Skar-crowes.  
He not march through *Conenry* with them, that's flat: nay, and  
the villaines march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyues  
on, for indeed, I had the moſt of them out of Priſon; there's not  
a Shirt and a halfe in all my company, and the halfe Shirt is  
two Napkins tackt together, and throwne ouer the ſhoulders  
like a Hearalds coate without ſleeues; and the Shirt to ſay the  
truth, ſtolne from my Hoſt of *S. Albones*, or the Red-nose In-  
keeper of *Dauintry*: but that's all one, they'le finde Linnen  
enough on euery Hedge,

*Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weſtmerland.*

*Prin.* How now blowne Iacke? how now Quilt?

*Fal.* What *Hal*? How now mad wag, what a diuell doſt thou  
in *Warwick-ſhire*? My good L. of *Weſtmerland*, I cry you mercy, I  
thought your honour had already bin at *Shrewesburie*.

*W-eſt.* Fayth, *Sir Iohn*, t'is more then time that I were there,  
and you too; but my powers are there already: the King I can  
you, looks for vs all; we muſt away all night.

*Fal.* Tut, neuer feare tell me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to ſteale  
Creame.

*Prin.* I thinke to ſteale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath al-  
ready made thee butter: but tell me, *Iacke*, whoſe fellowes are  
theſe that come after?

*Falſ.* Mine *Hal*, mine.

*Prin.* I did neuer ſee ſuch pittifull rascals.

*Falſ.* Tut, tut, good enough to roſſe, food for powder, food  
for

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for Powder, they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

*West.* I, but, *Sir John*, mee-thinks they are exceeding poore, and bare, too beggarly.

*Fal.* Faith, for their pouerty, I know not where they had that; And for their barennes, I am sure they neuer learnt that of me.

*Pri.* No, Ile be sworne, vnlesse you cal three fingers on the ribs bare: But sirra, make hast, *Percy* is already in the field. *Exit.*

*Fal.* What, is the King incamp'd?

*West.* He is, *Sir John*, I feare we shall stay too long.

*Fal.* Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene guest. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.*

*Hot.* Weele fight with him to night.

*Wor.* It may not be.

*Dow.* You giue him then aduantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why say you so? lookes he not for supply?

*Ver.* So doe wee.

*Hot.* His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

*Wor.* Good Coosen be aduise, stir not to night.

*Ver.* Doe not, my Lord.

*Dow.* You do not counsell well:

You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

*Ver.* Doe me no slander, *Douglas*, by my life,

And I dare well maintaine it with my life;

If well respected Honour bid me on,

I hold as little counsell with weake feare,

As you, my Lord, or any *Scot* that this day liues:

Let it be seene to morrow in the Battell, which of vs feares.

*Dow.* Yea or to night.

*Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To night say I.

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horse

Of my coosen *Vernons* are not yet come vp,

Your

*Henry the fourth.*

Your Vncle *Worcesters* Horse came but to day,  
And now their pride and mettall is asleepe,  
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,  
That not a Horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

*Hot.* So are the Horses of the Enemie,  
In generall iourney bated and brought low:  
The better part of ours are full of rest.

*Wor.* The number of the King exceedeth our:  
For Gods sake, Coosen, stay till all come in.

*The Trumpet soundes a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offers from the King,  
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

*Hot.* Welcome, *sir Walter Blunt*: and would to God  
You were of our determination;  
Some of vs loue you well, and euen those some  
Enuie your great deseruings and good name,  
Because you are not of our qualitie,  
But stand against vs like an Enemie.

*Blunt.* And God defend, but still I should stand so.  
So long as out of limit and true rule  
You stand against annoynted Maiestie:  
But to my charge. The King hath sent to know  
The nature of your griefes, and wherevpon  
You coniure from the breast of ciuill Peace,  
Such bold Hostilitie, teaching his dutious Land  
Audacious crueltie. If that the King  
Haue any way your good desertes forgot,  
Which he confesseth to be manifold,  
He bids you name your griefes, and with all speed,  
You shall haue your desires with interest,  
And Pardon absolute for your selfe, and these,  
Herein mislead by your suggestion.

*Hot.* The King is kind: and well we know, the King  
Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay:  
My Father, my Vncle, and my selfe,  
Did giue him that same Royaltie he weares,  
And when he was not fixe and twenty strong,  
Sicke in the worldes regard, wretched, and low,

A



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A poore vnminded outlaw sneaking home,  
My father gaue him welcome to the shore:  
And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,  
He came but to the Duke of Lancaster,  
To sue his liuery and beg his peace,  
With teares of innocency, and tearmes of zeale:  
My father in kind heart and pittie mou'd,  
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.  
Now, when the Lords and Barrons of the realme,  
Perceiu'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,  
The more and lesse came in with cap and knee,  
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,  
Attend him on bridges, stode in lanes,  
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their othes,  
Gaue him their heirs, as pages followed him,  
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,  
He presently as greatnesse knowes it selfe,  
Steps me a little higher then his vow  
Made to my father, while his bloud was poore,  
Vpon the naked shore at *Rauen-spurgh*  
And now forsooth takes on him to reforme  
Some certaine edicts, and some straight decrees  
That lie to heauie on the common wealth,  
Cries out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe  
Ouer his Country wrongs, and by this face,  
This seeming brow of iustice, did he winne  
The hearts of all that he did angle for:  
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads  
Of all the fauourites that the absent king  
In deputation left behind him here,  
When he was personall in the *Irish* warre.

*Blunt.* Tut, I came not to heare this.

*Hot.* Then to the point.

In short time after, he depos'd the King,  
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,  
And in the neck of that, task't the whole state:  
To make that worse, suffered his kinsman *March*,  
(Who is, if euery owner were plac'd,

*Indecde*

*Henry the fourth.*

Indeed his King, to be ingag'd in *Wales*,  
There without ranome to lie forfeited,  
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,  
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,  
Rated my Vncle from the Counsell board,  
In rage dismisde my Father from the Court,  
Broke othe on oth, committed wrong on wrong,  
And in conclusion, droue vs to seeke out  
This head of safetie, and withall to prie  
Into his title; the which we finde  
Too indirect for long continuance.

*Blunt.* Shall I rerurne this answere to the King?

*Hot.* Not so, *Sir Walter*. Weele withdraw a while:  
Goe to the King, and let there be impaund  
Some suretie for a safer returne againe,  
And in the morning early shall my Vncle  
Bring him our purpose; and so farewell.

*Blunt.* I would you would accept of grace and loue.

*Hot.* And may be, so we shall.

*Blunt.* Pray God you doe.

*Enter Archbishop of Yorke, and Sir Michell.*

*Arch.* Hie, good *Sir Michell*, beare this sealed Briebe  
With winged haste to the Lord *Marshall*,  
This to my coosen *Scroope*, and all the rest  
To whom they are directed. If you knew  
How much they doe import, you would make haste.

*Sir Mi.* My good Lord, I gesse their tenor.

*Arch.* Like enough you doe,  
To morrow, good *Sir Michell*, is a day  
Wherein, the fortune of ten thousand men  
Must bide the touch: For *Sir*, at *Shrewsburie*,  
As I am truly giuen to vnderstand,  
The King with mighty and quicke rayfed power,  
Meetes with Lord *Harry*; and I feare, *Sir Michell*,  
What with the sicknesse of *Northumberland*,  
Whose power was in the first proportion;  
And what *Owen Glendowers* absence thence,  
Who with them was rated firmly too.

*I.*

*And*



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And comes not in, ouer-rulde by Prophecies,  
I feare the power of *Percy* is too weake,  
To wage an instant tryall with the King.

*Sir M.* Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,  
There is *Demglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*,

*Arch.* No, *Mortimer* is not there.

*Sir M.* But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, Lord *Harry Percy*,  
And there is my Lord of *Worcester*, and a head  
Of gallant Warriours, noble Gentlemen.

*Arch.* And so there is, but yet the King hath drawne  
The speciall head of all the land together,  
The Prince of *Wales*, Lord *John of Lancaster*,  
The noble *Westmerland*, and warlike *Blunt*;  
And many mo Coriuales, and deare men  
Of estimation, and command in armes.

*Sir M.* Doubt not my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd.

*Arch.* I hope no lesse? yet, needfull 'tis to feare,  
And to preuent the worst, *Sir Michell*, speed:  
For if Lord *Percy* thriue not ere the King  
Dismiss his power, he meanes to visit vs,  
For he hath heard of our confederacie,  
And, tis but wisdome to make strong against him:  
Therefore make haste, I must goe write againe  
To other friendes, and so farewell, *Sir Michell*.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle of  
Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaffe.*

*King.* How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere,  
Aboue yon buskie hill, the day lookes pale  
At his distemperature.

*Prince.* The Southerne winde  
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,  
And by hollow whistling in the leaues,  
Foretels a Tempest and a blustering day.

*King.* Then with the losers let it sympathize,  
For nothing can seeme foule to those that winne.

*The Trumpet soundes. Enter Worcester.*

*King.* How now my Lord of *Worcester*? tis not well,  
That you and I should meet vpon such tearmes,

*As*

*Henrie the fourth.*

As now we meate. You haue deceiude out trust,  
And made vs doffe our easie Robes of Peace,  
To crush our old lims in vngentle Steele:  
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.  
What say you to it? will you againe vnknit  
This churlish knot of all abhorred Warre?  
And moue in that obedient orbe againe,  
Where you did give a faire and naturall light,  
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,  
A prodigie of feare, and a portent  
Of broched mischiefe to the vnborne times?

*Wor.* Heare mee, my Liege:

For mine owne part, I could be well content  
To entertaine the lag-end of my life  
With quiet houres: For I protest,  
I haue not sought the day of this dislike.

*King.* You haue not sought it: how comes it then?

*Falst.* Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

*Prin.* Peace, Chewet peace.

*Wor.* It pleasde your Maiesty to turne your lookes  
Off fauour, from my selfe, and all our House:  
And yet I must remember you my Lord:  
Wee were the first and dearest of your friendes,  
For you, my Staffe of office did I breake,  
In *Richards* time, and posted day and night,  
To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,  
When yet you were in place, and in account  
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I;  
It was my selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,  
That brought you home, and boldly did out-date  
The danger of the time. You swore to vs,  
And you did sweare that Oath at *Dancaster*,  
That you did nothing of purpose gainst the state  
Nor claime no further, then your new false right,  
The seate of *Gaunt*, Dukedome of *Lancaster*,  
To this, we sweare our ayde: but in short space  
It rained downe Fortune showing on your head,  
And such a flood of Greatnesse fell on you.

*Is*

*What*



*The Historie of*

What with our helpe, what with the absent King,  
What with the iniuries of wanton time,  
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,  
And the contrarious windes that helde the King  
So long in the vnluckie *Iris* Warres,  
That all in *England* did repute him dead;  
And from this swarme of faire aduantages,  
You tooke occasion to be quickly wooed,  
To gripe the generall sway into your hand,  
Forgot your oath to vs at *Dancasters*,  
And being fed by vs, you vs'de vs so,  
As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes bird,  
Vseth the Sparrow, did oppresse our nest,  
Grew by our feeding, to so great a bulke,  
That euen our loue durst not come neere your sight  
For feare of swallowing: but with nimble wing  
Wee were inforst for safety sake, to flie  
Out of your sight, and raise this present Head,  
Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes  
As you your selfe haue forg'd against your selfe,  
By vnkind vsage, dangerous countenance,  
And violation of all fayth and troth  
Sworne to vs in your younger enterprise.

*King.* These things indeed, you haue articulate,  
Proclaymed at Market crosses, read in Churches,  
To face the garment of Rebellion,  
With some fine colour that may please the eye  
Of fickle changelings, and poore discontents,  
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes  
Of hurly burly innouation:  
And neuer yet did Insurrection want  
Such water colours, to impaint his cause;  
Nor moody Beggars, staruing for a time,  
Of pel-mell hauocke and confusion.

*Prin.* In both your Armies, there is many a soule  
Shall pay full dearely for this encounter.  
If once they ioine in tryall, tell your Nephew,  
The Prince of *Wales* doth ioine with all the world

In

*Henry the fourth.*

In prayse of *Henry Percy*: by my hopes  
This present enterprise set of his head,  
I doe not thinke a brauer Gentleman,  
More active, more valiant, or more valiant young,  
More daring, or more bold, is now aliue,  
To grace this latter age with Noble deedes:  
For my part, I may speake it to my shame,  
I haue a trewant been to Chivalrie,  
And so I heare hee doth account mee too;  
Yet this before my Fathers Maiestie,  
I am content that he shall take the ods  
Of his great name and estimation,  
And will, to saue the blood on either side,  
Trie fortune with him in single fight.

*King.* And, *Prince of Wales*, to dare we venture thee,  
Albeit, considerations infinite  
Doe make against it: No good *Worcester*, no,  
Wee loue our people well; euen those we loue  
That are misled vpon your Coosens part:  
And will they take the offer of our Grace,  
Both hee, and they, and you, yea every man,  
Shall be my friend againe, and Ile be his:  
So tell your Coosens, and bring me word,  
What he will doe. But if he will not yeeld,  
Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs,  
And they shall doe their office. So be gon,  
We will not now be troubled with reply,  
We offer faire, take it aduisedly.

*Exit Worcester.*

*Prin.* It will not be accepted, on my life,  
The *Douglas* and the *Horspur* both together,  
Are confident against the world in armes.

*King.* Hence therefore, every Leader to his charge,  
For on their answer will we set on them;  
And God befrend vs, as our cause is just.

*Exeunt. Marston*

*Fal.* Hal, if thou see me downe in the Battell  
And bestride me so, tis a point of friendship.

*Prin. Fal.*

*Prin.* Nothing but a *Colossus* can doe thee that friendship.  
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

I 3

*Fal.*



*The Historie of*

*Fals.* I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well.

*Prin.* Why? thou owest God a death.

*Fals.* T'is not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, tis no matter, Honour pricks me on: yea, but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then can Honour set to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, Honour hath no skill in Surgerie then? no: What is Honour? a Word: What is that word Honour? Aire: a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday? Doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: tis insensible then? yea, to the dead; but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore Ile none of it; Honour is a meere Skutchion; and so ends my Catechisme.

*Exit.*

*Enter Worcester, and sir Richard Vernon.*

*Wor.* O no, my Nephew must not know, *Sir Richard*, The liberall kind offer of the King.

*Vern.* T'were best he did.

*Wor.* Then are we all vndone, It is not possible, it can not be, The King would keepe his word in louing vs, He will suspect vs still, and find a time, To punish this offence in others faultes; Supposition, all our liues, shall be stucke full of eyes; For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe, Who neuer so tame, so cherisht, and lockt vp, Will haue a wilde trick of his ancestors: Looke how he can, or sad or merrily? Interpretation will misquote our lookes, And we shall feed like Oxen at a stall, The better cherisht, still the nearer death. My Nephewes trespasse may be well forgot, It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood, And an adopted name of Priviledge, A haire-braind *Hotspur*, gouerned by a spleene, All his offences liue vpon my head, And on his Fathers. We did traine him on, And his corruption benign tane from vs.

*We.*

*Henry the fourth.*

We as the spring of all, shal pay for all:

Therefore good Coosen, let not *Harry* know

In any case, the offer of the King. *Enter Hotspur*

*Vern.* Deliuer what you wil, Ile say tis so. Here comes you coose

*Hot.* My Vncle is returnd, Deliuer vp my Lord of *Westmerland*: Vncle, What newes?

*Wor.* The King will bid you Battell presently.

*Dowg.* Defie him by the Lord of *Westmerland*.

*Hot.* Lord *Dowglas*, goe you and tell him so.

*Dowg.* Mary and shall, and very willingly. *Exit Dowg.*

*Wor.* There is no seeming mercy in the King.

*Hot.* Did you beg any? God forbid.

*Wor.* I told him gently of our grieuances, Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus, By now forswearing that he is forsworne, He calls vs Rebels, Traytors, and will scourge With hawty armes, this hatefull name in vs. *Enter Dowg.*

*Dowg.* Arme Gentlemen, to armes, for I haue throwne A braue Defiance in King *Henries* teeth; And *Westmerland* that was ingag'd did beare it, Which can not chuse but bring him quickly on.

*Wor.* The *Prince of Wales* stept forth before the King, And Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

*Hot.* O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads, And that no man might draw short breath to day, But I and *Harry Monmouth*: tell mee, tell mee, How shewd his talking? seemd it in contempt?

*Vern.* No, by my soule, I neuer in my life Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modestly, Vlesse a Brother should a Brother dare To gentle exercise and prooffe of armes. He gaue you all the duties of a man, Trimd vp your prayes with a Princely tongue, Spoke your deseruings like a Chronicle, Making you euer better then his prayse, By still dispraying prayse, valued with you: And which became him like a Prince indeed.

*He.*



*The Historie of*

Hee made a blushing citall of himselfe,  
And chid his trewant youth with such a grace,  
As if he mastred there a double spirit  
Of teaching, and of learning instantly:  
There did he pause; but let me tell the world,  
If he out-live the enuie of this day,  
England did neuer owe so sweete a hope,  
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse.

*Hot.* Coosen, I thinke thou art enamored  
On his follies: neuer did I heare  
Of any Prince so wilde at libertie:  
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,  
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,  
That he shall shrinke vnder my curtesie.

Arme, arme with speed, and fellow's souldiers, friends,  
Better consider what you haue to doe,  
Thar I that haue not well the gift of tongue,  
Can lify our blood vp with perswasion. *Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My Lord, here are Letters for you.

*Hot.* I cannot read them now.

O, Gentlemen, the time of life is short;  
To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long:  
If life did ride vpon a Dials poynt,  
Still ending at the arriual of an houre,  
And if we liue, we line to treed on Kinges,  
If die, braue death, when Princes die with vs.  
Now for our Consciencs, the Armes is faire,  
When the intent for bearing them is iust. *Enter another.*

*Mess.* My Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.

*Hot.* I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:  
For I profess not talking, onely this,  
Let each man doe his best; and here draw I a Sword,  
Whose temper I intend to staine  
With the best blood that I can meet withall,  
In the aduenture of this perilous day.  
Now esperance Percy, and set on,  
Sound all the loftie instruments of Warre,  
And by that musicke, let vs all imbrace,

*For*

*Henrie the fourth.*

For heauen to earth, some of vs neuer shall,  
A second time do such a curtesie.

*Here they embrace, the Trumpets sound, the King enters with his power, alarme to the Battell: then enter Douglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* What is thy name, that in Battell thus thou crossest me?  
What honour dost thou seeke vpon my head?

*Dow.* Know then my name is Douglas,  
And I doe haunt thee in the Battell thus,  
Because some tell me, that thou art a King.

*Blunt.* They tell thee true.

*Dow.* The Lord of *Stafford* deare to day hath bought  
Thy likenesse, for in stead of thee, King *Harry*  
This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,  
Veleste thou yeeld thee as a Prisoner.

*Blunt.* I was not borne to yeeld, thou proud *Scot*,  
And thou shalt find a King that will reuenge  
Lord *Stafford's* death.

*They fight, Douglas kills Blunt; then enters Hotspur.*

*Hot.* O Douglas, hadst thou fought at *Holmedon* thus,  
I neuer had triumpht ouer a *Scot*.

*Dow.* Als done, als won, here breathles lyes the King.

*Hot.* Where? *Dow.* Heere.

*Hot.* This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well,  
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*,  
Semblably furnisht like the King himselfe.

*Dow.* Ah foole, goe with thy soule whither it goes,  
A borrowed title hast thou bought too deare,  
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a King?

*Hot.* The King hath many marching in his Coates.

*Dow.* Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,  
He murder all his Wardrobe piece by piece,  
Vntill I meete the King. *Hot.* Vp and away.

Our Souldiers stand full fairely for the day,  
*Alarme, enter Falstaffe solus.*

*Fal.* Though I could scape shot-free at *London*, I feare the  
shot here, here's no scoring but vpon the pate. Soft, who are  
you? *Sir Walter Blunt*, there's honour for you, here's no vanitie,

*K.*

*I*



*The Historie of*

I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauie too: God keepe Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne Bowels. I haue led my rag of Muffins where they are peperd: theres not three of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere?

*Enter the Prince,*  
*Prim.* What standst thou idle here? lend me thy Sword,  
Many a Noble man lies starke and stiffe  
Vnder the houes of vaunting enemies,  
Whose deaths are yet vnreuengd; I prethee lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breath a while: Turke Gregorie neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this day: I haue payd Percy, I haue made him sure.

*Prim.* He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee;  
I prethee lend me thy Sword.

*Fal.* Nay, before God Hal, if Percy be aliue, thou getst not my Sword; but take my Pistoll if thou wilt.

*Prim.* Giue it me: what? is it in the case?

*Fal.* I Hal, tis hot, theres that will Sacke a Citie.

*The Prince drawes it out, and findes it a bottle of Sacke.*

*Prim.* What, is it a time to iest and dally now.

*He throwes the Bottle at him.*

*Exit.*

*Fal.* If Percy be aliue, Ile pierce him, if he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbo-nado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: giue me life, which, if I can faue, so: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and theres an end.

*Alarme, excursions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, and Earle of Westmerland.*

*King.* I prethee Harry, withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too much; Lord Iohn of Lancaster, goe you with him.

*P. Ioh.* Not I, my Lord, vlesse I did bleed too.

*Prim.* I beseech your Maiestie make vp,  
Least your retirement doe amaze your friends.

*King.* I will do so; my Lord of Westmerland lead him to his Tent.

*West.* Come, my Lord, Ile lead you to your Tent.

*Prim.* Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe;  
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive

The

*Henry the fourth.*

*The Prince of Wales* from such a Field as this,  
Where staine Nobilitie lies troden on,  
And Rebels Armes triumph in massacres.

*John.* Wee breath too long, come coosen Westmerland,  
Our dutie this way lies: For Gods sake come.

*Prim.* By God, thou hast deceiude me, Lancaster,  
I did not thinke thee Lord, of such a spirit;  
Before I lou'd thee as a Brother, John,  
But now I doe respect thee as my Soule.

*King.* I saw him hold Lord Percy at the poynt,  
With lustier maintenance then I did looke for  
Of such an vngrowne Warriour.

*Prim.* O, this Boy lends mettall to vs all.

*Exit.*

*Dong.* Another King, they grow like Hydras heads,  
I am the Douglas fatall to all those  
That weare those colours on them. What art thou?  
That counterfeist the person of a King?

*King.* The King himselfe, who Douglas grieues at heart,  
So many of his shadowes thou hast met,  
And not the very King: I haue two Boyes  
Seeke Percy and thy selfe, about the Field;  
But seeing thou fallst on me so luckily,  
I will assay thee, and defend thy selfe.

*Dong.* I feare thou art another Counterfeit;  
And yet in sayth thou bearest thee like a King:  
But mine I am sure thou art, who ere thou be,  
And thus I winne thee,

*They fight, the King being in danger, enter Prince of Wales.*

*Prim.* Hold vp thy head vile Scot, or thou art like  
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the spirities  
Of valiant Sherly, Stafford, Blunt, are in my Armes,  
It is the Prince of Wales, that threatens thee,  
Who neuer promiseth, but he meanes to pay.

*They fight, Douglas flyeth.*

Cheerely my Lord, how fares your Grace?  
Sir Nicholas Ganssey hath for succour sent,  
And so hath Clifton: Ile to Clifton straight.

*King.* Stay, and breath a while,

K. 2

Thou



*The Historie of*

Thou hast redeemd thy lost opinion,  
And shewde thou makest some tender of my life  
in this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.

*Prin.* O God, they did me too much iniurie,  
That euer sayd, I harkened to your death:  
If it were so, I might haue let alone  
The insulting hand of *Douglas* ouer you,  
Which would haue been as speedy in your end,  
As all the poysonous Potions in the world,  
And sau'd the trecherous labour of your Sonne.

*Kin.* Make vp to *Clifton*, Ile to *S. Nicholas Gamsey.* *Exit K.*

*Enter Hoisbur.*

*Hot.* If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth?*

*Prin.* Thou speakst, as if I would deny my name.

*Hot.* My name is *Harry Percy.*

*Hrin.* Why then I see a very valiant Rebelle of that name.

I am the *Prince of Wales*; and thinke not *Percy*,  
To share with me in glory any more:

Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,  
Nor can one *England* brooke a double raigne,  
Of *Harry Percy*, and the *Prince of Wales.*

*Hot.* Now shall it *Harry*, for the houre is come,  
To end the one of vs; and would to God,  
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

*Prin.* Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,  
And all thy budding Honours on thy Crest  
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.

*Hot.* I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

*They fight. Enter Falstaffe.*

*Fal.* Well said *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay, you shall find no Boyes  
play here, I can tell you.

*Enter Douglas, he fights with Falstaffe, he falls downe as  
if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.*

*Hot.* Oh *Harry*, thou hast robd me of my youth,  
I better broke the losse of brittle Life,  
Then those proud Titles thou hast won of me,  
They wound my thoughts worle, then the sword my flesh:  
*But*

*Henry the fourth.*

But thought's the slaue of life, and lifestimes fool;  
And time, that takes surquay of all the world,  
Must haue a stop. O, I could prophesie,  
But that the Earth, and cold hand of Death  
Lies on my tongue: no *Percy*, thou art dust,  
And food for

*Prin.* For Wormes, braue *Percy*. Fare thee well, great heart,  
Ill weau'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunk?  
When that this body did containe a spirit,  
A Kingdome for it, was too small a bound;  
But now two paces of the vilest Earth,  
Is roome enough: this Earth that beares the dead,  
Beares not aloue so stout a Gentleman.  
If thou wert sensible of curtesie,  
I should not make so great a shew of zeale:  
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,  
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my selfe  
For doing these faire rites of tendernes,  
Adieu, and take thy prayse with thee to heauen,  
Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue,  
But not remembered in thy Epitaph.

*He spieth Falstaffe on the ground.*

What, old acquaintance, could not all this flesh  
Keepe in a litle life? poore *Iacke* farewell:  
I could haue better spard a better man:  
O, I should haue a heauy misse of thee,  
If I were much in loue with vanitie;  
Death hath not strooke so faire a Deere to day,  
Though many dearer in this bloody fray,  
Imboweld will I see thee by and by,  
Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lie.

*Falstaffe riseth vp.*

*Fal.* Imboweld? if thou imbowell me to day, Ile giue you  
leau to powder me, and eate me too to morrow. Zloud, it was  
time to counterfeite, or that hot termagant *Scot* had paid mee  
scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit: to die is to  
be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who  
hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man

*K 3*

thereby



*The Historie of*

thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Discretion; in the which better part, I haue saued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder *Percie*, though he be dead: how if he should counterfeit too, and rise? by my fayth, I am afraide he would proue the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him sure; yea, and Ile sweare I kilde him. Why may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

*He takes vp Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince and  
John of Lancaster.*

*Prin.* Come Brother *John*, full brauely hast thou flectit  
Thy mayden Sword.

*John.* But soft, who haue we heere?  
Did you not tell me this fatt man was dead?

*Prin.* I did, I saw him dead,  
Breathles, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?  
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight?  
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes  
Without our eares, thou art not what thou seemst.

*Fal.* No, thats certaine, I am not a double man: but if I be  
not *Iacke Falstaffe*, then am I a *Iacke*: there is *Percy*; if your Fa-  
ther will doe me any honour, so: if not, let him kill the next  
*Percy* himselfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure  
you.

*Prin.* Why *Percy* I kild my selfe, and saw thee dead.

*Fal.* Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to ly-  
ing? I graunt you, I was downe, and out of breath, and so was  
he, but weroe both at an instant, and fought a long houre by  
*Shrewsbury* clocke, if I may be beleued, so: if not, let them that  
should reward Valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads.  
Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh,  
if the man were aliue, & would deny it, Zounds I would make  
him eate a peece of my Sword.

*John.* This is the strangest tale that euer I heard.

*Prin.* This is the strangest fellow, brother *John*,  
Come bring your luggage nobly on your backe,

For

*Henry the fourth.*

For my part, if a liemay doe thee grace,  
Ile guilde it with the happiest tearmes I haue.

*A retreat is sounded.*

*Prin.* The Trumpets sound Retreat, the day is ours:  
Come Brother, lets to the highest of the Field,  
To see what friendes are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt.*

*Fal.* Ile follow as they say for reward. He that rewardes me,  
God reward him. If I doe grow great, Ile grow lesse: for Ile  
Purge, and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly, as a Nobleman should  
doe. *Exit.*

*The Trumpets sound, enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord  
John of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with Wor-  
cester and Vernon prisoners.*

*King.* Thus euer did Rebellion find rebuke,  
Ill spirited *Worcester*, did not we send Grace,  
Pardon, and tearmes of Loue to all of you?  
And wouldst thou turne our offers contrary,  
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsmans trust?  
Three Knights vpon our party flaine to day,  
A noble Earle, and many a creature else,  
Had been aliue this houre,  
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne  
Betwixt our Armies true intelligence.

*Wor.* What I haue done, my safetie vrgde me to,  
And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
Since not to be auoyded, it falls on me.

*King.* Beare *Worcester* to the death, and *Vernon* too:  
Other Offenders we will pause vpon.  
How goes the Field?

*Prin.* The noble *Scot* Lord *Douglas*, when he saw  
The fortune of the day quite turnd from him,  
The noble *Percy* flaine, and all his men,  
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the rest;  
And falling from a hill, he was so bruizd,  
That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent,  
The *Douglas* is, and I beseech your Grace,  
I may dispose of him.

*King.*



*The Historie of*

*King.* With all my heart.

*Prim.* Then brother *John of Lancaster*,  
To you this honourable bountie shall belong,  
Goe to the *Dowglos*, and deliuer him  
Vp to his pleasure, ransomlesse and free,  
His valoure showne vpon our Crestes to day,  
Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deedes,  
Euen in the bosome of our aduersaries.

*King.* Then this remaines, that we deuide our Power,  
You Sonne *John*, and my coosen *Westmerland*,  
Towards *Torke* shall bend you with your deereft speed,  
To meete *Northumberland* and the *Prelate Scroope*,  
Who, as we heare, are busily in armes:  
My selfe and you, Sonne *Harry*, will towards *Wales*,  
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of *March*:  
Rebellion in this Land shall loose his way,  
Meeting the checke of such another day:  
And since this businesse so faire is done,  
Let vs not leaue, till all our owne be won.

FINIS.

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